

FEBRUARY 27, 1984

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TIME

LEBANON IN CHAOS
Pulling Out the
Marines



THE KREMLIN'S NEW MASTER

- What He
Might Do
- His View
Of the World
- The Generation
Dilemma



Konstantin
Chernenko



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GM



PONTIAC  **WE BUILD EXCITEMENT**

A Letter from the Publisher

Covering the Olympic Games can be almost as strenuous as competing in them, a test of bodily endurance and mental agility. For TIME's 20 correspondents, photographers and assistants responsible for this week's eleven pages of stories from Sarajevo, the qualifying tests meant constantly racing against the clock, as do many athletes; but theirs was the deadline clock.

Senior Correspondent William Rademakers and Reporter Gertraud Lessing mushed after the Alpine skiers, while Eastern Europe Bureau Chief John Moody found himself learning all he could about the new Soviet bobsled. Atlanta Correspondent B.J. Phillips is an expert on figure skating, but last week she drew on her experience in writing about politics. "I've seen as much rough-and-tumble in Yugoslavia over the judging of events as I would have in covering the Georgia primary," she says. Associate Editor Tom Callahan is a veteran of two previous Olympics, but this is the first in which he played a physical role. While interviewing Puerto Rican luger George Tucker before a practice run, Cal-

lahan was asked by the athlete to help him get started. In view of his performance, Callahan felt like an accomplice to a crime. (Tucker was up 30th of 30 finishers.)

Picture coverage was coordinated by Photo Researchers Jerry Astor and Paula Hornak, who supervised Photographers Rudi Frey, Neil Leifer, Jim Drake and John Iacono. Says Astor: "Fog, heavy snow and bad light made it a photographer's nightmare."



TIME's Olympic team: 19 out of 20 pose for a group portrait in Sarajevo

There was the additional problem of getting the film to New York City. A French-made Gazelle helicopter and two Yugoslav pilots sped the film from the slopes where the skiing events were held to the Sarajevo airport, 20 miles away. There a courier took the film on a chartered Learjet to London and by Concord to New York City. One day the airport was closed, so Frey and TIME's Yugoslav driver, Jovan Vučković, set off on a hair-raising ride over winding, snow-covered mountain roads to Mostar, 84 miles away, where the Learjet waited. Says Frey: "The drive, in good weather, takes two hours. We made it in an hour and 45 minutes." So fell another Olympic record.

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Illustration by Gottfried Heinwein



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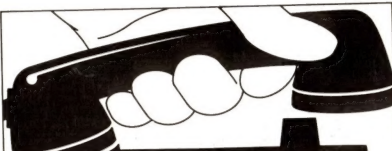
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A toast to "the most publicly seduced male the world has known."
 —Pauline Kael

The timeless sophistication, the matchless elegance, the irresistible flair for comedy—these are the qualities that made Cary Grant a legend, the man every woman wanted to know, the man every other man wanted to be. Noted film critic Richard Schickel celebrates Grant's life and career in a lavish book, with 200 photographs, sparkling text and complete filmography.

Photo: Courtesy of The Kobal Collection



CARY GRANT
A Celebration
 by Richard Schickel

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Bon voyage!

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TWA



The L.A. Olympics start in July. The excitement is already here.

How will American contenders fare in this summer's Olympic Games? How many new records will be set? The fever is rising, made even hotter by the Winter Olympics in Sarajevo.

July and the Summer Games may seem a long way off, but the excitement is already here. The USA/Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships and Grand Prix Friday night, February 24, is one of the last major stops on the road to this summer's Olympics. As a track and field proving ground, it has no peer. Athletes from many nations will match their skills and perseverance against those Americans who have won their countrymen's hearts during the six-week indoor track and field season. This is the season's climax—the moment when point scores are tallied for awarding the Grand Prix.

Take pole-vaulter Billy Olson, for example. He'll be shooting for his third consecutive overall Grand Prix title, but will face stiff competition from Konstantin Volkov and indoor world record holder Sergei Bubka of the Soviet Union, ranked as the two top pole-vaulters of the world. Nor can he ignore Thierry Vignerot, the formidable French vaulter.

Of course, American idols of recent seasons will be on hand. Carl Lewis, widely regarded as another Jesse Owens, will try to break his own indoor record in the long jump. Then there's Steve Scott in the mile, Dwight Stones in the high jump, Greg Foster and Stephanie Hightower in the 60-yard hurdles—the list goes on. But the foreign contingent is just as illustrious, including Zhu Jianhua of the People's Republic of China, world record holder in the outdoor high jump; Igor Paklin of the Soviet Union, who holds the indoor high jump record for men; and Tamara Bykova of the Soviet Union, holder of the world record in the women's indoor and outdoor high jump.

But victories and superstars are only part of the story. The point of these Grand Prix events is the competition itself—the superb blend of concentration and courage that is indispensable to world-class athletic competition. This is what creates the true excitement. And why Mobil originated the Grand Prix concept for the track season, built on the belief that consistently high performance, with points for each victory or record broken, is the true measure of accomplished athletes.

So whether you're in New York's Madison Square Garden next Friday night or watch on television, keep your eye on the competition just as much as you do on the young stars. That's the Olympian way.

One star who won't be fielded is Eamonn Coghlan, the indoor mile record holder. Because of an injury, he had to sit out the current season. But he'll be joining the Public Broadcasting Service broadcast team of Charlie Jones and Dick Schaap for the two-hour telecast. Check local listings for time and channel.

So the stage is set for the 25 Grand Prix events you'll be seeing.

With the invaluable coordination by The Athletics Congress, this has been a banner season, and we at Mobil are proud to have sponsored the Championship Finals and Grand Prix.

Now, let the starting gun sound.

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Letters

Reagan Runs

To the Editors:

In your coverage of President Reagan's decision to run again [Feb. 6], you say that Reagan "is remarkably disengaged from the substance of his job." You miss the point. The President makes it his business to influence the broad course of events and conserves his time and energy for that purpose. He is clear on the direction he wants to take and has the endurance to stay the course.

Dave Moffatt
Lutsen, Minn.



If Ronald Reagan is re-elected, he will not have to respond to the desires of the voters, since he cannot run for a third term. The thought of an unbribeable Reagan terrifies me.

Peter Einwechter
Lafayette, Colo.

By pitching for school prayer, Reagan accepts the odds that a majority of the prayers could be "Good Lord, don't let that man be President again!"

John Waite
St. Croix, V.I.


Everyone needs to feel confident about his future. A smile, a joke, a relaxed appearance make others feel better when things are not going right. Reagan gives us these nonmaterial things.

Arthur Phelps
Los Angeles

Reagan is apparently comfortable in front of the camera, but it takes more than smiles to solve the huge deficit, reverse foreign policy and provide a respectable living for those who are hungry and homeless in this country.

Mohamed Abdi Waare
Bloomington, Ind.

President Reagan is a likable man. On television he comes across as friendly and concerned. But his love for the poor is limited by his desire to "keep Govern-



9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.

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Letters

ment off the backs of the people." For some Americans, his spending cuts take the shirts off their backs.

*John Helmeke
Le Sueur, Minn.*

The country may get what it has lacked since the days of Ike and F.D.R.: eight years of continuity in Government.

*Brent A. Curry
Scottsdale, Ariz.*

Equal Pay

The argument against implementing a system of equal pay for jobs of comparable worth (Feb. 6) because such a system would be prohibitively expensive reinforces the position of those in favor of such a measure. Your article states that raising the wage scales of jobs traditionally held by women to eliminate disparities in the earnings of men and women would cost some \$320 billion in added annual wages and increase inflation 10%. These figures show the inequities women continue to face. They also show why comparable worth is the issue of the '80s, not only for women but for all society.

*Beth Wray
National Federation of Business and
Professional Women
Aberdeen, S. Dak.*

Would women have integrated the coal mines and the construction sites if they were interested only in equal pay? The feminist goal is a balanced work force, not a "separate but equal" one.

*Bruce Munson
Madison, Wis.*

If we are going to have jobs rated on "comparable worth," where would you place a rock singer as compared with a teacher? Should teachers receive the millions that our entertainers get? Or would the stars be paid teachers' salaries?

*Roanne Shamsky
Solana Beach, Calif.*

Men work harder and longer hours than women on the average, and they work outside in all kinds of weather. If women want more money, let them work on the jobs that pay more.

*Joe Allen
Highwood, Ill.*

I cannot imagine anything so destructive as a bureaucracy for determining the comparable worth of dissimilar jobs, like comparing a secretary with a truck driver. Why not let the proven method of supply and demand govern the worth of a job?

*Warren Pegram
Kernersville, N.C.*

Europe's Racism

It breaks my heart to read about the plight of immigrants in Europe (Feb. 6). Asians and Africans have slaved for cen-

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Rum on the Rocks. It's What's Happening.

All across America, people are switching to Puerto Rican white rum because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



Real estate developer Tom Williams and wife Lyn enjoy rum on the rocks in the comfort of their New York co-op.



For architect Alex Kimball and his wife Jill, the serenity of their Bainbridge Island home is just a short ferry ride from Seattle's fast pace. With Puget Sound as their backyard, they enjoy the sunset with a Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks and a special friend.



Americana expert Jackson Parker, ringed by rare decoys, enjoys a white rum on the deck of his Massachusetts home.



Atop Manhattan's St. James's Tower, Howard and Marilyn Wexler and Puerto Rican visitors Dr. and Mrs. Marcos Vecchini share a night on the town and rum on the rocks.



Rum in the garden. Investment banker José Rodríguez and wife Anita at their Villa Caparra home in Puerto Rico.



For western realist David Nordahl, Santa Fe is a painter's paradise. Here in his adobe studio, he savors an "after painting" white rum.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.



After the sails are furled, Star skipper Don Gilbert and wife Nancy enjoy the expanse of their New Canaan, Ct. home with a before dinner white rum on the rocks.

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UNEXPECTED PERFORMANCE MAKES THIS AN UNCOMMON ECONOMY CAR.

If you think economy cars can't be anything but economical, get ready for an uncommon experience.

It's called Mazda GLC, a car whose exceptional overall performance sets it apart from other cars in its class.

Spirited acceleration comes by way of the GLC's 1.5-litre overhead cam engine. Monitored



by a "thinking carburetor" with eight electronic sensors, this efficient power plant also delivers outstanding gas mileage.

Superb handling is made possible by such features as front-wheel drive, steel-belted radials, rack-and-pinion steering, and independent strut suspension at all four corners.

In addition, the GLC's rear suspension has a special asset in Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arms. Their unique

49 EST. HWY. MPG / **35** EST. MPG

geometry promotes true tracking through corners and over bumps.

In short, you get performance



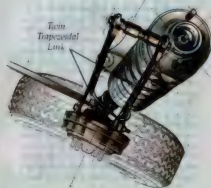
Proving its performance potential in competition, Mazda GLC placed first overall in the Champion Spark Plug Challenge series (shown here), March 1983 at Sebring. The month before, GLC won the 100-mile Performance event at Daytona.

that's highly uncommon in a car like this. That's why for sheer driving pleasure the Mazda GLC is hard to beat. In fact, at its price, impossible.

EXPERIENCE.



Mazda's patented Twin Trapezoidal Link lower arm is one reason why the GLC handles so well. As part of the rear suspension, its unique geometry causes the rear wheels to "toe in" when coasting or going over uneven pavement. This engineering feature helps give the GLC excellent directional stability.



Twin Trapezoidal Link

Standard features include
 5-speed overdrive transmission
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 • Tinted glass • 2-speed wipers/washer plus intermittent feature
 • Wide body side mouldings
 • Trip odometer • Remote control driver's door mirror • Full-width velour upholstery • Detachable cargo area concealment cover.

Experienced drivers buckle up.

1984 Mazda GLC Deluxe Hatchback

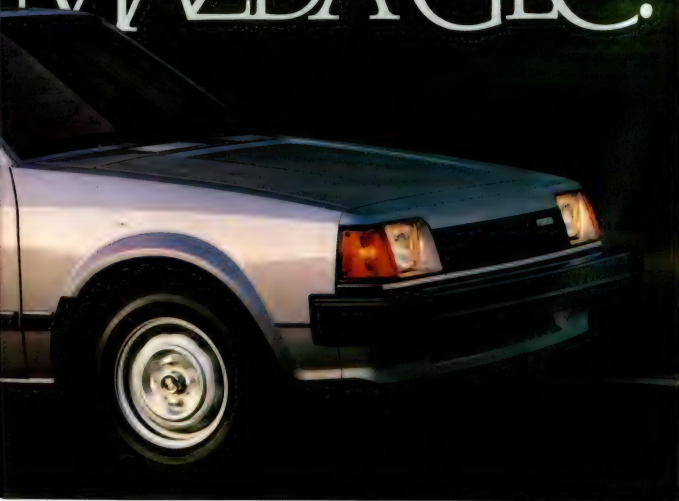
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Letters

turies to build an affluent society. But all these people get in return for their labors are curses and scorn.

*Harry Sharma
Long Beach, Calif.*

Europeans have long looked down their well-bred noses in disgust at America and its minority problem. Now they can look inward to search for the solution.

*Loretta T. Scheffer
Fort Walton Beach, Fla.*

Europeans emigrated to many parts of the world. In turn, Europe should expect to receive immigrants.

*Leo E. Kelly Jr.
Marquette, Mich.*

Swiss Ms.

Lilian Uchtenhagen was refused a seat on the Swiss Federal Council not because she was a woman but in spite of it [Feb. 6]. For the conservatives in the Swiss Parliament, she was too much of a leftist socialist. They preferred a more moderate candidate, who happened to be male. The fact that Uchtenhagen is female made it more difficult for the conservatives to vote against her.

*Jürg Steiner
Chapel Hill, N.C.*

Swiss women would like a woman in the government. So would many men, but Lilian Uchtenhagen? No, thank you.

*Sandra Buergin
Diel, Switzerland*

The time is right in Switzerland for a woman to join the Federal Council, but not Uchtenhagen. She was the victim not of male resistance but of her party's politics and her chilly personality. The silent majority of Swiss women and men are patient and will wait for another woman.

*Elisabeth Sauter-Frey
Zurich*

An Idealist's Death

The violent death of Malcolm Kerr, president of the American University of Beirut (Jan. 30), is yet another source of despair for the Lebanese. Kerr was an idealist who shared with the Lebanese people the hope that Lebanon would remain the intellectual powerhouse of the Middle East. Terrorists' bullets have shattered that hope.

*May Abu Shakra
Riyadh*

As a Palestinian and former student of Malcolm Kerr's, I often disagreed with him. Yet he was always willing to hear about the Palestinian problem and to be objective. Very few American intellectuals understood the Middle East dilemma as well as Kerr did.

*Fowzi E. Farah
Safat, Kuwait*



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Friday, Dec. 9 (10:05 PM)
LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS
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LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS
Friday, Dec. 16 (10:05 PM)
JANWILLEM VAN DE WETERING
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Friday, Dec. 23 (10:00 PM)
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Letters

Beta's Success

In your story "Max Troubles for Beta-max" [Jan. 16], you stated that NEC was no longer planning to build Beta VCR equipment. On the contrary, NEC has only recently entered the VCR market in the U.S. and has been highly successful with its initial Beta product, with new models scheduled for introduction in 1984. NEC is also adding VHS to its VCR line as part of its policy of offering the broadest possible product selection.

*Gerald A. Tangney, General Manager
Video Products Division
NEC Home Electronics (U.S.A.) Inc.
Elk Grove Village, Ill.*

In reporting on the troubles that Japan's Sony Corp. is encountering, TIME stated that companies such as Toshiba and NEC have abandoned Sony's Beta videotape system in favor of the VHS method developed by Sony's archrival Matsushita. This is not

true. Toshiba and NEC are continuing to offer the Beta format to their customers. TIME regrets the error.

Puppy Love

The tail about Iceland's poor dogs [Feb. 6] was enough to in-curl my wrath. It makes you want to terrier hair out, if you mutts know.

*Gordon R. Larson
Virginia Beach, Va.*

Your story about the dogs of Reykjavik has given me a new leash on life.

*Tom Alpaugh
Pennington, N.J.*

Helping Drunken Drivers

As an attorney, I feel a response is required to those who wrote letters criticizing lawyers who defend drunken drivers

[Feb. 6]. It is sad that many people feel compelled to crusade against one group or another and then to use that forum to chastise attorneys. If we disregard the right to a defense of a group that is held in disfavor, then the protection of the law will potentially be unavailable to all of us.

*Christopher Benevent
Martinez, Calif.*

Your story [Jan. 16] and letter writer both missed the point about my defense of people accused of drunken driving. All my clients are referred to a certified alcohol counselor, who prescribes a treatment program that I make sure they follow. You cannot execute these poor souls. Meeting a good lawyer forces drunken drivers to face and finally deal with their alcohol problem.

*Robin Ficker
Bethesda, Md.*

DISCOVER A DIFFERENT WORLD

Tour the castle in Toronto in the morning and take it easy in Algonquin Park that afternoon. Come on up.

For the Record

I gave you wrong information, which led to an inaccuracy in the story "The Billion-Dollar Boys" (Jan. 9). I told your reporter that the Monsanto pension fund had terminated Alliance Capital as an investment manager after only a very short period of poor investment performance. That is not true. Rather, we managed funds of Monsanto from 1968 to 1973 and created a poor longer-term record of investment results. I wish this were not so, but I am afraid it is.

*Dave Williams, Chairman
Alliance Capital Management Corp.
New York City*

Obfuscating Lingo

In your Essay "Journalism as a Second Tongue," the language used by reporters (Feb. 6), you apparently forgot to mention "marathon bargaining session." Not one labor dispute is ever settled without such a

meeting, which, of course, "narrowly averts a walkout."

*Joe J. Roby Jr.
Duluth*

My favorite is "marital woes."

*Robert Young
Deerfield, Ill.*

After reading the Middle East news for the past six years, I have come to believe that former Israeli Prime Minister Begin's first name is "Intransigent."

*Rabbi Stephen Listfield
Washington*

Ships do not sail, they ply the waters. Hookers do not sell, they ply their trade. Airplanes do not fall, they plummet.

*Charles H. Lowry
Garden Grove, Calif.*

How about "spry," which means old?

*Mary Lou Hunt
Cincinnati*

Must fires always race, then gut?

*Ron Taylor
Houston*

An unshaven vagrant is grubby; an unshaven Tom Selleck is rugged.

*John Beltrami
Ozone Park, N.Y.*

Mechanical Stars

In your story on machines as the new stars of prime-time television (Jan. 23), you state that "helicopters, cars and computers dominate" *Magnum, P.I.* As anyone who watches our program can tell you, the show is about people.

*Tom Selleck
Honolulu*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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TIME, FEBRUARY 27, 1984

Failure of a Flawed Policy

As the Marines begin pulling out, Lebanon sinks further into chaos



The Druze militiamen swarmed around a U.S.-made armored personnel carrier that had just been abandoned by a fleeing Lebanese Army brigade. Flashing two-fingered V salutes, the Druze shouted, "Victory is ours!" To celebrate the capture of the strategic crossroads of Khalde, on the coastal highway south of Beirut, one of the militiamen fed abandoned American ammunition into the vehicle's 50-cal. machine gun and fired ear-splitting bursts into the air. A few miles offshore, the menacing shape of the U.S. battleship *New Jersey* glided slowly past, like a big gray cat circling a bird cage. Its 16-in. guns, which had rained devastation on Druze strongholds in the Chouf Mountains the week before, were silent now, unable to do anything about the rapidly deteriorating situation on shore. The militiamen who bothered to look at the *New Jersey* just laughed.

Their derision revealed more about the collapse of U.S. policy in Lebanon than did the statements that flowed out of Washington last week. Some of those assertions plumbed new depths of contradiction: Secretary of the Navy John Lehman retracted a pronouncement in less than three hours, and at one point an ash-faced Secretary of State George Shultz appeared to quarrel with a position just voiced by President Reagan. But the essence of the situation was only too clear: after the expenditure of considerably more than \$120 million, the deaths of 265 servicemen and the wounding of 134 more, the U.S. had decided to cut its losses in Lebanon. Neither by diplomacy, nor by the stationing of 1,600 Marines in a now almost surrounded encampment at Beirut airport, nor by naval gunfire had the U.S. been able to prop up the disintegrating government of Lebanese President Amin Gemayel. If that government survived at all, it would be at the sufferance of its Muslim opponents and Soviet-armed Syria. There was little left for Washington to do but announce a timetable for withdrawal of the Marines from what had become Mission Impossible. They were to be loaded onto the ships of the



As U.S. policy crumbles, Reagan meets with Vice President Bush and Secretary of State Shultz

Sixth Fleet "within 30 days," starting last weekend.

By the time the Marines began pulling out, it was obvious that barring a series of miracles, the outcome could no longer be favorable to the U.S. As the week began, Muslim Druze militiamen shattered the 2,000-man Fourth Brigade, long touted as among the best fighting units in the Lebanese Army, in an 18-hour battle and then poured out of the Chouf Mountains onto the flat coastal strip. Bombing and strafing runs by two subsonic Hawker Hunter jet fighters,

part of Gemayel's tiny air force, could not stop the Druze even momentarily. After linking up at Khalde with their allies, the Amal militia of Lebanon's dominant Shi'ite Muslim sect, the Druze drove the Fourth Brigade 3½ miles south to the vicinity of Damur. The militiamen stopped there only because they were confronted by Israeli soldiers who had moved north to prevent the Muslims from getting any closer to the Israeli occupation zone south of the Awali River. Some soldiers of the Fourth Brigade fled behind Israeli lines for protection; several hundred others were evacuated by sea, leaving behind some tanks and American armored cars, Jeeps and ammunition.

Gemayel's troops had lost control of West Beirut to the Shi'ite and Druze militias in a vicious battle the week before, and the rout south of the city left his government controlling little more than Christian East Beirut. The Muslims were expected to make their next major thrust at Suq al Gharb in the mountains east of Beirut, where the Lebanese Army held a strategic position overlooking the presidential palace at Baabda, just outside the capital. Fighting did break out around Suq al Gharb and along the "green line" separating West and East Beirut, but at week's end it was indecisive.

Some U.S. officials who had been derisively calling Gemayel "the mayor of Beirut" because of his shrunken domain began referring to him still more sarcastically as "the shah of Baabda." To defend even the areas he still holds, the Christian President has left only about half the army that the U.S. helped train and equip. The melting away of the Fourth Brigade removed 2,000 of the 22,000 to 25,000 combat troops supposedly answering Gemayel's orders at the beginning of February. An additional 10,000 Muslim soldiers are staying in their barracks and refusing to fight their coreligionists.

Moreover, the Druze victory at Khalde broke all connections between the remnants of the Lebanese Army and the Marines at Beirut airport. The Marines' encampment now is ringed north, east and south by Muslim militiamen; on the west the Marines can reach the



A worried Gemayel



Members of Gemayel's dwindling Lebanese Army firing on Amal militiamen from barricades along the "green line" separating West and East Beirut

Mediterranean only by way of a narrow strip of coastal highway between Druze and Amal checkpoints (see box).

The Muslims last week watched the Marines load equipment onto ships and made no attempt to interfere. "We know they are leaving and we'll let them go quietly," said Abu Khalid, a Druze commander. But in the swirl of Lebanon's sectarian violence, the Marines were dangerously exposed. Even though the Druze and Amal leadership granted them safe passage, there remained the risk that ex-

tremists of some stripe would try to interfere with the withdrawal, either out of revenge or for political purposes of their own. No matter how orderly the pullout, it now seemed all but impossible for the Marines to turn over control of the airport to what is left of the Lebanese Army. This had been the U.S. goal only days before. Unless Gemayel chooses to ferry troops from East Beirut by helicopter, the Marines will have to abandon the airport to his Muslim foes.

The impotence of Gemayel's govern-

ment needed no underlining to Christian residents of the villages south of Beirut. Thousands fled before the advancing Muslim militia into the Israeli occupation zone. Reported TIME Correspondent David Halevy: "They rolled up to the Awali River in cars and trucks of every age and description. The vehicles were crammed with children, mothers and grandmothers and piled high with blankets, mattresses, ancient refrigerators, rusty sewing machines and, here and there, a new color TV or even a Persian carpet. On a single day last week some 4,000 to 6,000 refugees crossed the Awali, rumbling over a bridge and through an Israeli checkpoint at the rate of three cars or trucks a minute from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. Most of the refugees were silent; the only consistent sound was the idling motors of hundreds of cars in long lines waiting to get on the bridge. Said a man from the village of Jiyah, who gave his name only as Simon: 'Lebanon is something that belongs only to fairy tales. I gave up. There is no Lebanon.'" Most of the refugees will settle with relatives already living behind Israeli lines.

Desperate to save his political skin and perhaps even his life, Gemayel late in the week took a step that represented still another blow to U.S. policy. He decided to scrap the agreement his government had signed with Jerusalem last May 17, calling for Israeli withdrawal from Lebanon in return for Lebanese concessions on political and security arrangements in the



Terrified cat flees from an American-made tank during a battle in the Lebanese capital

Nation

southern part of the country. The agreement never went into effect, because it was contingent on a simultaneous Syrian pullout from Lebanon that Damascus refused to accept. Nonetheless, the pact, achieved after heavy U.S. prodding of both sides, became a symbol to Gemayel's Muslim foes of what they saw as his subservience to Washington and Jerusalem. The U.S. and Israel stood by the agreement even after it was clearly doomed, believing that it was, at the very least, a symbolic breakthrough toward peace between Israel and its Arab neighbors.

Gemayel made no public announcement that he was scrapping the accord. He simply accepted an eight-point Saudi

Arabian peace plan that includes abrogation of the May 17 pact; Saudi Foreign Minister Prince Saud al Faisal then delivered it to the Syrians. Other points called for a cease-fire, a negotiated simultaneous pullout of Israeli and Syrian forces coupled with security guarantees to Israel, and a reconstitution of Gemayel's Christian-dominated government to give a much greater share of power to his Muslim opponents.

Syria rejected the plan, and some of Gemayel's Lebanese enemies dismissed it as too little, too late. In Damascus, Druze Leader Walid Jumblatt insisted that Gemayel must not only resign but be put on trial for "crimes against the Lebanese

people." On the other hand, Syria, which is helping to arm Gemayel's foes, is believed amenable to letting the President stay on, and it invited a revised plan which the Saudis proposed and conveyed to Beirut. If Gemayel does cling to office, it may be as the figurehead leader of a drastically reshaped government heavily influenced by Syria and including Muslim forces sharply hostile to the U.S.

Given the virtual collapse of the Lebanese Army, that may be the best the U.S. can now hope for. The probable alternatives are endless civil war or some form of partition of Lebanon between Syria, Israeli, Christian and Muslim areas. Indeed, if the May 17 agreement is formally

Like Peeling an Onion in Reverse

The giant CH-46 helicopter lifted off slowly from its landing pad inside the U.S. Marine compound, its pilot careful to avoid jerking the huge netted crate that hung like ballast beneath it. With machine gunners at the ready, it whirred low over the beachside terrain and headed for U.S. Navy ships on the horizon, there to set down its cargo just as gingerly. Meanwhile, 400 yds. to the west, a steady stream of landing craft nosed into a heavily fortified jetty and began

collecting a seemingly endless line of forklift pallets lashed to more wooden crates. "The beach has been working 24 hours a day for the past two days," reported a Marine officer. "They are taking out the heavy equipment first—trucks, bulldozers, engineering equipment."

Thus last week did the Marines begin pulling out of Lebanon—a complex and potentially harrowing retreat that must be staged under the gun-sights of the Muslim militiamen who flank them on three sides. Men and matériel will move across a strip of uncontested land directly west of the Marine compound to the beach and out to sea. So far at least, the huge camp breaking

was proceeding with remarkable smoothness. Summed up Base Commander Brigadier General James Joy: "The militiamen know our position is that if we are attacked, we are going to defend ourselves very vigorously, and my feeling is that they don't want to get involved." Said Corporal Norman North of Carbondale, Ill.: "I don't feel any differently now than I did a week or two ago. We are as safe now as we were then."

How safe is that? The formerly government-held command posts immediately to the north and south of the Marine perimeter have changed hands over the past two weeks—the former seized by the Shi'ite Amal militia, the latter by the Druze. Marines have managed to establish what Joy calls "limited but very workable contacts" with their new neighbors. One of the more active such channels is a Marine checkpoint on the airport highway about a quarter of a mile from the compound's main gate; the Amal has set up a similar unit about 200 yards down the road. The leathernecks regularly

converse with the militiamen in an effort to keep relations smooth. One sore point arose over the Marines' use of German shepherds trained to sniff out explosives carried by passing cars and their occupants. Dogs, explained the Amal, are considered unclean by Muslims. "We told the militiamen we would use the dogs just to check vehicles," says a Marine officer. "They seemed happy with the compromise."

Logistically, says a Marine officer in the Pentagon,

withdrawing from Lebanon "is like peeling an onion in reverse." Action begins in the center, with the pullout of nonessential matériel and personnel, while an outer ring of rifle and machine-gun companies holds the compound perimeter until the end. In addition to the tons of equipment already moved out, about 250 men have been ferried to Navy ships off the coast, and more were scheduled to leave over the weekend. The Marines have deployed a 75-ft.-long pontoon bridge known as a Green-beach to carry truck-drawn 155-mm howitzers and other heavy artillery directly to the wells of amphibious ships.

Current planning calls for the removal or destruction of everything in the compound, including the bulldozing of latrines and bunkers.

If, as expected, the Marines are unable to turn the military base and airport over to the Lebanese Army, the last contingent would probably leave secretly at night. The unit's departure would be announced only after its 100 or so members, carrying little more than their personal weapons and kit bags, are safely aboard Sixth Fleet ships.

Despite the heavy casualties inflicted on them in Lebanon and their increasingly exposed position, quite a few of the Marines are less than enthusiastic about sea duty. Says Lance Corporal Tom Auld of Pittsburgh: "I'd rather stay on shore here than spend a long time steaming around in circles." An understandable quail perhaps, but it would be difficult to imagine more confining quarters than the bunkers into which the Marines were driven while trying to keep the peace in Lebanon.



Workable contacts: U.S. Marine and Druze militiaman conferring

broken, Israel may withdraw its forces seven miles from the Awali to the Zaharani River, establishing to the south a semi-permanent "North Bank" Israeli administration of the type it runs in the West Bank and Gaza Strip. The one Lebanese outcome that seems almost impossible to imagine is the one the U.S. desires: the emergence of a strong, moderate central government free of all foreign occupation.

The inability of the U.S. to bring that about led last week to more intramural conflict within the Reagan Administration, reflecting disagreements of officials groping for a new policy and unable to find any. "We don't know what we can do next," admitted one State Department official. Another senior diplomat grumbled that because of poor communications with Beirut, Washington is having trouble merely determining what is going on. Said he: "We're hamstrung."

On one point, the Administration did at last get its policy straight. Though Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger initially said the Marines' withdrawal might take four months, Reagan in a report to Congress at midweek set "a tentative goal of completion within 30 days." The Marines, he explained candidly, "have become a target in an area that is no longer under [Lebanese] government control." At week's end Weinberger presented to the White House a specific timetable, which Reagan approved, and the pullout was set to be completed by March 18.

Otherwise, contradictions abounded. Though the Administration long refused to endorse abrogation of the May 17 accord, by last week Reagan had evidently reconciled himself to seeing the pact scrapped. Asked point-blank at a breakfast with reporters whether he would accept discarding of the agreement "if it were necessary for the Gemayel government to survive," the President replied, "We're not a party to it, so there's no way that we should have a position one way or the other on whether it is abrogated or not. That is up to the parties involved."

But Shultz, who helped to negotiate the pact and views it as the only tangible accomplishment of his diplomacy in the Middle East, fought for it past the bitter end (see following story). Appearing before reporters hours after Reagan's breakfast retreat from the accord, the Secretary of State insisted with an unaccustomed quaver in his voice that it was a "good agreement" that should be preserved. Said Shultz: "Those who would dispense with it must bear the responsibility to find alternative formulas for Israeli withdrawal." Another State Department official made the same point, only more bluntly: "We were asked to negotiate an Israeli withdrawal, and we did it. If the Gemayel government chooses to abrogate that, then somebody else can figure out how to accomplish it. We've done our bit."

Worse confusion surrounded the extent and purpose of U.S. naval gunfire into Lebanon. During the battle for West Beirut two weeks ago, the *New Jersey* lobbed 290 16-in. shells, each weighing about a ton, into the hills behind the capital. Word spread that Weinberger had been "surprised and depressed" by the scale of the shelling and ordered it reduced. The Secretary of Defense was reportedly worried that so ferocious a bombardment would provoke hatred for the U.S. without changing the course of the battle and could possibly invite retaliation against the Marines hunkered down at the airport. Weinberger's aides denied the stories, but the shelling was in fact scaled down. The *New Jersey's* guns were silent last week, though the U.S. destroyer

Claude V. Ricketts did fire several dozen rounds of 5-in. shells at Druze positions.

Why? Navy Secretary Lehman told reporters that the destroyer's salvos signified "a definite shift in emphasis. We are supporting [Gemayel's] Lebanese Armed Forces" in their battles with Muslim militia. As the White House speedily reminded Lehman, that contradicted repeated statements from Reagan that naval gunfire is supposed only to protect the Marines' encampment and other U.S. positions around Beirut, like the embassy compound, by silencing artillery and missile batteries that have fired on them. Less than three hours later, Lehman issued a six-line statement asserting that "the correct policy is . . . as the President has stated."

The difference is much more than semantic. Naval gunfire to protect the Marines is allowed under a resolution that Congress passed last September authorizing the President to keep U.S. forces in Lebanon until April 1985; shelling to help Gemayel's forces win the Lebanese civil war is not. Reagan emphatically does not need any more trouble with Congress, where many Republicans as well as Democrats are grumbling that he got the U.S. into a no-win situation in Lebanon. Says G.O.P. Senator John Chafee of Rhode Island: "That shelling is terrible, completely contrary to what we stand for." Congress, however, is unlikely to do much except complain when it reconvenes this week after an eleven-day recess. Democrats are thanking their luck that they never brought to a vote resolutions mandating a pullout of the Marines, since Reagan could have then blamed them for a retreat that he later had to order on his own. Nor do they see much point in framing new resolutions that might be "overturned by events."

Whatever the purpose, the naval bombardments had no discernible effect on the fighting onshore. "They can shell us as much as they like," said one Druze militiaman last week. "They are just using the fleet to mask the shame of having lost." The Pentagon has not produced a "battle damage assessment" disclosing just what targets have been hit by the shells. Lehman insists that American forces track the trajectory of shells and missiles striking the Marines' encampment and other targets in the Beirut area, both visually and by a shore-based electronic apparatus, and that the ships fire only at the sources of those projectiles. But Lehman concedes he "cannot guarantee" that no civilians have been killed.

In fact, some almost certainly have been. The only weapons possessed by the 100 residents of the village of Btiybat, 15 miles inland from the Mediterranean in the Chouf Mountains, are some shotguns used to hunt birds. Western correspondents visiting last week could find no signs that there had ever been artil-



TMC Map by Paul J. Pugliese



Bye-bye, Beirut: a Navy landing craft prepares to receive a truck brought out from Marine encampment over a pontoon bridge called a Greenbeach

lery or missile emplacements anywhere near by. Nonetheless, on the afternoon of Feb. 8, at least eight shells so enormous that they presumably came from the *New Jersey* tore into Btiyyat and surrounding woods, breaking nearly every window in the village, downing power lines and splintering pine trees into matchsticks. One crashed into a squat stone house, demolishing half of it and leaving the rest tilted at a crazy angle behind a crater big enough to swallow a car; it also blew down a wall of a house 18 yds. away and destroyed a car parked down the street. One villager was killed and 15 others injured. Said one man, pointing to the glass littering the floor of his house: "I haven't cleaned it up because I am too angry. Why are they doing this to us?"

In Washington the question was how to save what might be salvageable from the wreckage in Lebanon and cover the policy failure with a modicum of grace. U.S. partners in the four-country Multi-National Force (MNF) are also looking to extricate themselves from Lebanon. Britain has already withdrawn its 115-man contingent, and the 1,200 Italian troops now stationed in Beirut's southern suburbs are expected to leave within two weeks. France, eager to preserve some influence in its former mandate, for the moment is keeping 1,250 troops in Beirut proper. But Paris introduced a resolution in the United Nations Security Council calling for replacement of the MNF by a U.N. force made up of troops from nations that are not permanent members of the Council, meaning that soldiers from the U.S., the Soviet Union, Britain, France and China would be excluded. French Premier Pierre Mauroy reportedly broached the idea to new Soviet Leader Konstantin Chernenko while in Moscow for Yuri Andropov's funeral, and got the impression that the Soviets could be persuaded not to kill the plan with a Security Council veto.

Reagan promptly backed the general idea. Said the President at his breakfast with reporters: "That I would have preferred from the beginning. It was the [threat of a] Russian veto and the Russian objection that made it necessary for us to turn to something other than a U.N. force." The proposal, however, has the

very considerable disadvantage of making the Western powers negotiate with the Soviets on the terms of a U.N. force's deployment, thus giving Moscow a louder direct voice in Middle Eastern politics. Initially, Richard Ovinnikov, Soviet representative on the Security Council, set conditions totally unacceptable to the U.S. and France too for that matter. Among them: the nations that sent the MNF to Lebanon must not only remove their troops but pledge implicitly never to send them back.

Whether the Soviets intended these conditions seriously, or put them forth primarily to torment the U.S. a bit before bargaining in earnest, probably will not become clear until the Security Council resumes debate this week. In any case, Shultz pointed out some other obstacles to deployment of a U.N. force. Said he: "A significant U.N. role presupposes a return of stability, a balance of forces and some measure of political accord." In other words, creation of a U.N. peace-keeping force presumes there will be a peace for it to keep, and in Lebanon that is about the shakiest assumption anyone can make.

Reagan also attempted last week to refocus attention from the immediate problem of Lebanon to his longer-range goal, negotiating a general Arab-Israeli peace based on an "association" of the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza with Jordan. Reagan first welcomed Jordan's King Hussein to the White House and assured him that the pullout of the Marines from Beirut implied no weakening of U.S. support for Jordan against its unfriendly neighbor Syria. The President then invited Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, who also was in Washington, to join him and Hussein at lunch. Afterward Reagan again called on Israel to make "an exchange of territory for peace."

Reagan's efforts did not get very far. Israel, fearful that the three heads of state were cooking up some kind of deal at its expense, was anything but reassured by Mubarak's comment at the end of the lunch. As Reagan stood by in silent disapproval, the Egyptian President called on the U.S. to deal directly with the Palestine Liberation Organization. "You can't con-

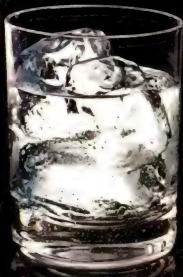
trol the statement of a departing chief of state," said one Reagan lieutenant, who judged Mubarak's statement a public relations "disaster" for Reagan.

Was the involvement in Lebanon also a disaster? In answer, Administration officials last week borrowed a line from the late Beatle John Lennon, saying again and again that they had only been trying to "give peace a chance." The U.S. attempt to create a strong, moderate, peaceful government, they said, was meant as a first step toward stability in the Middle East. And if the goal proved out of reach, well, better to fail than not to try. Said Reagan: "I don't know what we could have done differently, and our search was for peace and I think we were right in doing that. If that is to be denied, if they [the contending factions] cannot bring about that peace there, I don't have any regret about having tried. It was a legitimate effort."

True enough. But the military resources needed for such a task were well beyond what the U.S. was able or willing to commit. In the judgment of one Pentagon official, bringing enough order to Lebanon to enable formation of a true central government would have required not 1,600 Marines but 100,000 U.S. troops—and even then, the depth of sectarian hatreds, which Washington appears to have totally misjudged, might have made the task impossible.

A ghastly reminder of the intensity of those hatreds came last week when Druze militiamen escorted Western reporters and TV crews into the village of Kafr Matta, southeast of Beirut, which they had just recaptured from the Christian Phalangist militia. The badly decomposed bodies of more than 100 Druze men, women and even babies, apparently victims of a massacre five months ago, were found in houses, streets and fields. Some were grouped around tables still bearing the remnants of what had been their last meal; others were frozen in postures indicating they had been gunned down while attempting to flee. Faced with passions deep enough to have produced such grisly scenes as those, peace seems never to have had any chance at all. —By George J. Church, Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Johanna McGeary/Washington and John Borrell/Beirut

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Hanging Tough Was Not Enough

For the proud Secretary of State, Lebanon is a personal defeat



When President Reagan appointed George Shultz his second Secretary of State almost two years ago, the reaction was generally quite favorable. Shultz was supposed to be everything his volatile predecessor, Alexander Haig, had not been: calm, collegial, steady. Unlike Haig, he would avoid squandering his clout on bureaucratic spats. A former business-school professor, Treasury Secretary and president of an international corporation, Shultz came to the job with a thorough knowledge of world economics and a feel for Middle East affairs.

At times his areas of expertise have served him well. Shultz persuaded the President to abandon an ill-conceived embargo on parts for the Soviet pipeline; he also shaped Reagan's ambitious 1982 Middle East peace initiative, which envisioned self-government for the Palestinians in association with Jordan. On arms control and relations with the Soviet Union, he has been able to moderate some of the President's rigidity.

But critics are now saying with increasing sharpness that Shultz has not lived up to expectations. His methodical approach to problems has at times seemed merely flat-footed and unimaginative. He has never taken charge of Central America policy, choosing instead to focus almost single-mindedly on the Middle East, especially Lebanon. While he is by no means wholly to blame for the failure of U.S. policy there, his refusal to admit mistakes and change course let a bad situation get much worse.

For most of Shultz's first year in office, he seemed low-key to the point of passivity. "He refused to inject himself," says an Administration colleague. "He waited and waited until he had to be pushed in." Once pushed, however, Shultz went in head over heels, particularly on the Middle East. He spent two weeks last spring in the region, mediating between Israel and Lebanon. Suddenly his stake in the success of the U.S. policy became a matter of personal pride.

The result of his shuttle diplomacy was a vague document, the May 17 agreement, calling for withdrawal of Israeli and Syrian troops from Lebanon. Syria, however, rejected the accord, claiming it

rewarded Israel politically for invading Lebanon. Despite strong warnings from his own State Department experts, Shultz assumed incorrectly that Syria would go along.

Even with the Lebanese government falling apart in recent weeks, Shultz continued to insist that the May 17 agreement was workable. "He was the midwife," says one of his aides, "so it was not easy for him to rip up an agreement he had



helped deliver." Even now Shultz is convinced that simple political expediency led the White House to renege on an important U.S. commitment.

All along, Shultz neglected the advice he was getting about Lebanon from the Pentagon, which has never been happy about the Marine deployment or the *New Jersey's* heavy shelling, which Shultz had demanded. Furthermore, General John Vessey, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, warned for months at National Security Council meetings that the U.S. was relying too heavily on the precariously constituted Lebanese Army.

Shultz's disregard for the Pentagon may have stemmed partly from his personal animus toward Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger. The men have been warily circling each other for years. In the Nixon Administration, Weinberger worked as deputy to Budget Director

Shultz, then succeeded him. In 1975, Shultz was named president of the Bechtel Group Inc. (1982 sales: \$13.6 billion), a construction and engineering firm. Weinberger followed Shultz there as a vice president. But Weinberger's service to Governor Reagan in California put him ahead of Shultz when the President picked his original Cabinet. After Shultz replaced Haig, he and Weinberger soon began fencing, regularly taking opposite sides in policy debates.

"Shultz still thinks this place should run like Bechtel," says a State Department official. "When he gives an order and it doesn't get carried out, he can't accept it."

Moreover, Shultz's familiarity with the Middle East, which he gained through Bechtel's business contacts with Arab countries, may have edged him toward hubris. The unraveling of his Lebanon policy has led Shultz to resent everyone else, including the White House "pragmatists," his erstwhile political allies. "George Shultz is ticked off at us," concedes a White House aide. "We're trying to calm things down." The President, says the aide, likes Shultz and does not want to lose another Secretary of State.

Since his flashes of pique began a year or so ago, Shultz has grown ever more peevish. In Venezuela earlier this month for President Jaime Luisini's inauguration, he ran into Richard Stone, Reagan's Central American envoy. "Fancy meeting you here, Dick. Don't you have enough funerals to go to?" Shultz said, alluding to Stone's mainly symbolic duties. (Stone handed in his resignation last week, complaining of personality clashes with other officials at State.)

Shultz's crankiness may have serious consequences: when he found Syrian President Hafez Assad personally intractable, Shultz refused to hold further talks with him.

Throughout his career, Shultz has been known for his perfect corporate cool, his poker-faced steadiness. But last Wednesday, as he read a defensive statement about Lebanon to reporters, his face was ashen and puffy, his voice trembled. He stuck by the now irrelevant May 17 agreement. He referred to "the explosive flow of current events" as if it were an imposition, something beyond the call of duty for a Secretary of State. Next day, his 38th wedding anniversary, Shultz took off with his wife for the Bahamas, seeking some needed rest far from that explosive flow.

—By Kurt Andersen

Reported by Laurence L. Barrett and Johanna McGeary/Washington



The front runner chatting with Labor Leader Lane Kirkland at an AFL-CIO reception

A Tie That May Tightly Bind

Mondale's solid union support is a double-edged sword



The question demanded a simple answer, but it dogged Walter Mondale all week: "Can you cite one major domestic issue in the past three or four years where you have disagreed with organized labor?" At first Mondale ducked. He protested that his endorsement by the AFL-CIO was "not a deal." When reporters pressed him he turned testy, his eyes becoming cold, his face hard, his voice clipped. Repeatedly he replied, "I'm not going to spend my time offending people who support me."

Finally, realizing that his stonewall-

ing was doing more harm than good, Mondale's aides advised their candidate to cite some differences with labor. He mentioned his opposition to the B-1 bomber, the Clinch River breeder reactor and the weakening of clean air standards. The examples were "small potatoes," conceded an AFL official. "They're not going to quiet the howling beast." The clumsy handling of the issue was a rare stumble by Mondale's smoothly efficient machine, which is being publicly tested for the first time in Iowa this Monday and New Hampshire next Tuesday.

It was Gary Hart who, at a debate among the eight Democratic candidates sponsored by the Des Moines Register, so

pointedly raised the question of how beholden Mondale is to organized labor, whose support could be worth as much as \$20 million. At a press conference in Atlanta last week, John Glenn followed with a harsh rhetorical question for AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland. Asked Glenn: "What does Kirkland think he's buying with his \$20 million? A President who will never disagree with the AFL-CIO? If the Democratic nomination can be bought for \$20 million in the spring, it isn't going to be worth a plugged nickel in November." The Glenn camp says that it may file a complaint with the Federal Election Commission charging that Mondale has failed to report fully all the assistance he has received from labor in Iowa and New Hampshire. The National Right to Work Committee, an organization that opposes compulsory union membership, went further: it disclosed that it would hire detectives to infiltrate labor groups working for Mondale in order to publicize the extent of their aid.

The National Conservative Political Action Committee got into the act by announcing a \$2 million ad campaign in Iowa and New Hampshire designed to highlight Mondale's liberal record. The assault by the right-wing "NicPac" was one Mondale was able to parry easily: "If you can judge a person by the enemies he makes, I've just been paid a big compliment." But he is still plagued by the problem of turning his early strategy of building a coalition of activist groups into a campaign that appeals to a broad spectrum of voters.

Mondale had good reason to avoid offending labor. Union support will be a net plus in the Iowa caucuses, where voters must go out into the winter night to meetings that can last up to three hours. With apathy running high, a good organization is necessary to turn out voters. In addi-

Somebody for Everybody

Not mesmerized by Mondale? No yen for Glenn? No heart for Hart? New Hampshire voters will still have plenty of options at the polls next week. A record 22 candidates have paid a \$1,000 filing fee to be on the state's Democratic ballot. There is Martin Beckman, 54, "Montana's Fighting Redhead," who is campaigning on the novel notion that "everyone should pay a fair share of taxes." Hugh Bagley, 52, of Keyes, Calif., has called for the annexation of Mexico as the 51st state. To reinforce the point, he has printed up some real-looking \$51 bills.

Wealthy Timber Baron Gerald Willis, 44, is running for both the presidency and the vice presidency. So fervent is Willis' admiration for President Andrew Jackson that he combs his hair in an exaggerated pompadour reminiscent of Old Hickory. His Piedmont, Ala., home is a replica of Jackson's Hermitage in Nashville. Boasts Assistant Campaign Manager Jim Yarbrough:



The \$51 man: Bagley on the stump

"He is the only nationally recognized political unknown."

David Kelley, 59, who lives in a campground near Pigeon Forge, Tenn., and bills himself as "the last Confederate soldier," is one of four Republicans challenging Reagan in the New Hampshire primary. Of course, there is also Harold Stassen, 76, the "boy wonder" of the 1940s, who with his eighth stab at the Oval Office has transformed himself into, well, the Harold Stassen of the 1980s.

But the New Hampshire crowd is only a fraction of the 163 aspirants on file with the Federal Election Commission in Washington. They include Bob Brewster, 53, of Orlando, Fla., the candidate of the Christian (Non-Lawyer) Committee; and Elijah the Prophet, 40, of New York City, who sent the FEC a bonus along with his registration papers: a copy of his book, *The Time of the End*. But surely the wave of the future is a beeping Baltimore independent, Rebecca Robot, who pledges "high-tech jobs for people." A nation governed by a robot? She, or rather it, would certainly be the ultimate machine politician.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Chewing the Fat in Iowa

tion, because voting is open at the caucus meetings, union shop stewards can cast a watchful eye on their members. One union alone, the National Education Association, hopes to produce 7,000 of the 100,000 voters expected to turn out for the Iowa caucuses.

In New Hampshire, where the electorate tends to be more idiosyncratic and more conservative than in Iowa, strong union backing may not be as effective. Vote getting in the Granite State is retail business. The state is so tiny (267,000 Democratic and independent voters) and the campaign season so long that the candidates must harvest votes household by household. Factory workers can hardly punch the clock in the morning without first having to shake a candidate's hand, and registered Democrats are not surprised to get several calls a night from the 1,000 or so phones working the state for different camps.

The game of retail politics is being played skillfully by Gary Hart. Unable to afford much TV time, Hart has no choice but to win his votes one by one in New Hampshire. He tries to shake 1,000 hands a day at work places and shopping centers, and his volunteers have canvassed 60,000 homes, more than any other campaign. Hart has begun to shed his personal reserve and warm to the task. After watching him leap up from his lunch to table-hop at Newick's restaurant in Newington, N.H., Hart's state coordinator, Jeanne Shaheen, smiled, "A month ago, we'd have to have twisted his arm before he'd do that." Lacking the cash to buy a word processor, his campaign is sending follow-up letters written in longhand. Volunteers have mailed out 30,000, and expect to post 20,000 more.

Of the candidates, only John Glenn has not relied heavily on flesh pressing and baby kissing, hoping that his space-age appeal and media campaign can win support on a wholesale basis. "Just being an American hero will always get him some votes up here," says Democratic State Senator Bobby Stephen. Glenn's reticence with voters and his performances on the stump—some fine, some less so—are making it hard for him to recoup ground he has lost to Mondale. The latest Gallup poll shows Mondale with the support of 49% of Democratic voters nationwide, while Jesse Jackson (14%) has drawn even with Glenn (13%). But the man whose pulse rate rose by only one beat when his problem-plagued space capsule re-entered the atmosphere seems unfazed.

The Mondale juggernaut, meanwhile, was demonstrating that it was as adept at doorbell-to-doorbell combat as it is in harvesting endorsements. Said Agnes Tomkinson, 79, of Portsmouth: "They all keep calling me on the phone and I don't know why. It won't affect the way I vote. I like Mondale." Tomkinson had already met Mondale in person—twice. —By Evan Thomas.

Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Richard Hornik/Concord

There have been some subtle changes around the town square of Greenfield, Iowa (pop. 2,244), where the real grass roots grow. The Ideal Cafe, dispensary of ribaldry, weak coffee and occasional political wisdom, has metamorphosed into Toad's Place, so named for a town boy who went to California but in the nick of time saved his soul, bought the business and headed back.

The customers at Toad's are mostly the same, but the talk is a little different. These folks are not at all certain that the presidential caucuses have worked out the way they hoped. Everybody knew that the caucuses were built into kind of a glitzy new service industry designed to bring in the city sharpies with all their money. In February, Iowa has a surplus of snow, gray skies and idle hours. Only money and pool halls are in demand. This year the fellows at Toad's said that more of them got a single dollar of the \$10 million lured into the state. Most of the money went to television stations, hotels and car-rental agencies, an alarming number of which are owned by people back East—slickered again.

There also is the realization that as the electronic ringmasters took over politics, the people of Iowa became little more than props in a national entertainment. The Iowans choose the delegates but somehow that role seems to diminish next to the self-important punditry of network anchors and political consultants. They hit the state like Barnum & Bailey and then fold their tents in the dead of caucus night.

Outsiders were always more hyped about politics than the gang at Toad's. The surprising success of the Iowa State University basketball team (14-9 this very moment) and the equally surprising defeats of the University of Iowa (10-13) have been topic No. 1. There's been a little Olympic palaver, and when the battleship *New Jersey* opened up on Lebanon, that was a priority conversation.

There was a chuckle or two at Toad's last summer when Walter Mondale showed up on a beasty hot day to commemorate former Secretary of Agriculture and Vice President Henry A. Wallace, who was born down the road. Everybody was sweating but Mondale seemed to be sweating the most. The consensus at Toad's was that Mondale took fright at the possibility of being linked to the leftist politics of Wallace, who when dropped by Franklin Roosevelt in 1944 went off and formed a radical third party. The ceremony decorously dwelled on Wallace's contributions to hybrid seed corn, which cooled Mondale off. But there was never much enthusiasm for Mondale at Toad's.

George McGovern captured their fancy for a moment. When he told farmers that if Ronald Reagan were re-elected they should sell their farms and build bomb shelters, there was an approving snort or two. McGovern was the only other real candidate besides Mondale to show up around Greenfield. The rest sent their relatives.

And that's another thing. The Democratic powers at Toad's declared one morning: "No more kinfolks. If the candidates themselves don't come, they can forget it." Ethel Kennedy and her son Joe were good crowd builders back in 1980 when they were working for Teddy Greenfielders have got blasé. They didn't turn out for Glenn's daughter, Cranston's son or Hart's wife.

Nor is the prospect of seeing a real live network anchor on Iowa soil all that great. One of the boys at Toad's slipped in the ultimate putdown: "Watching an anchorman is like watching an astronaut in orbit: they are both weightless."

There is only one outsider eagerly awaited at Toad's. Spring will be coming around in a couple of weeks, all flirty and capricious. But in the end Iowans know she'll settle down and the whole state will be back doing what it does best—growing things.



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No Warranty

Can weapons be guaranteed?

The Pentagon touted the sleek, speedy M-1 Abrams tank as a revolutionary superweapon when it was put into production in November 1981. There was only one problem: the tank's engine, built by the Avco Corp.'s Lycoming division, had a tendency to jam.

Such nightmares inspired North Dakota Republican Senator Mark Andrews to propose, and Congress to pass, a provision that contractors include written warranties on weapons systems. Argued Andrews: "If the public can expect—and get—warranties on its purchases, from TV sets to washing machines to air conditioners, why not when we buy machinery to protect our freedom?"

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger contended that warranties would increase the price of military hardware. But once the law was passed, he reassured lawmakers, "We are putting it into effect." What Weinberger did not say was that the Pentagon was preparing a sneak attack. Buried in the appendix of the four-volume fiscal 1985 budget is a provision that would kill the requirement. Warranties may be good in theory, one Pentagon spokesman said last week, but they should be left to the discretion of the Pentagon. Senator Andrews indicated that he would wage a defensive action: "The only way we are going to get action out of the Defense Department is to ensure there is a warranty requirement with teeth." ■

Canceled Order

Big Brother backs down

In Orwellian terms, National Security Decision Directive 84 seemed perfect for 1984. Issued by the Reagan Administration a year ago but delayed by Congress, it included two Big Brotherly provisions: the widespread use of lie-detector tests within Government agencies to help find the sources of leaks of classified material, and a requirement that for the rest of their lives the 128,000 officials with access to top-secret information submit anything they propose to publish to Government censors for "prepublication review."

Opponents called the directive a threat to constitutional rights. Correctly. Nor did top political aides at the White House, who undoubtedly account for more sensitive leaks than lower-level bureaucrats, relish the thought of facing polygraph straps and lifetime censorship. Last week the President backed down, suspending the controversial provisions until a "bipartisan solution" to the problem of safeguarding classified information can be worked out in Congress. Orwell's worries about 1984 apparently failed to take into account that it was an election year. ■



McEnery: harnessing energy and idealism

B.A.s in Blue

Introducing the Police Corps

According to the FBI, a crime is committed every two seconds in the U.S. In the past five years, the number of violent crimes has increased by more than 20%. Nearly one-third of all households were victimized by violence or theft in 1982. Yet while the crime situation has worsened, budgetary pressures have caused most large cities to reduce the numbers of their police officers.

Enter the Police Corps. The brainchild of Adam Walinsky, a onetime aide to Senator Robert F. Kennedy, the program seeks to combine the strengths of two discordant ideas of the 1960s: the youthful idealism of the Peace Corps and the practical educational program of the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Under the plan, students would have their college educations financed by local police departments on the condition that they serve three years on the force after graduation. Their salary and fringe benefits would be about half those of regular starting officers.

The first full-fledged test of the idea will probably be in San Jose, Calif. In a proposal by Mayor Tom McEnery, high school graduates who pass the state's regular police admissions examination will be eligible for four-year college scholarships of \$7,000 a year. The participants will be allowed to choose any course of study, but would spend their summer vacations preparing for police work by attending required training programs. After graduation, they would join the police de-

partment with the same law-enforcement authority as regular officers. Police Corps graduates will earn about \$25,000 in total wages and benefits, compared with \$40,000 in annual compensation (about \$27,000 of salary and \$13,000 of benefits) for a regular first-year officer. Total costs to the city for the college education and three-year service term for each Police Corps officer would amount to \$110,000. A comparable entry-level police officer after three years on the force would cost the city \$155,000 in salary and benefits. One official estimates that half of the officers might choose to remain on the force permanently. McEnery projects that the Police Corps will save San Jose between \$7 million and \$16 million over the next ten years while adding officers to the force.

Variations of the Police Corps program have been suggested in other areas. Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, R.F.K.'s eldest daughter, has just completed a proposal for the state's anticrime council, for which she has been a policy analyst. In Sacramento, Assemblyman Tom Hayden, once a leader of the radical left, is putting together a Police Corps bill to present to the legislative council. The program, he says, will bring "a missionary spirit to the U.S."

Last September, the National Institute of Justice provided a \$300,000 grant to set up a panel of experts that would study the feasibility of having a Police Corps in seven states, including California and New York. Says NIJ Director James Stewart: "We want to take a hard look at a concept that appears to be very interesting."

The San Jose proposal, however, has met with some opposition, particularly from union leaders. Carm J. Grande, president of the San Jose police officers' association, questions whether the program will save money and argues that Police Corps members might not enter the profession with the necessary devotion. Contending that police work depends on initiative and motivation, Grande asks, "Are those qualities going to be bypassed because of the attractiveness of getting a free four-year college education?"

San Jose Police Chief Joseph McNamara, who hatched the plan with Mayor McEnery, believes the objections can be overcome. Says he: "I do not think that the primary motivation of these people will be simply getting money for their education. I think this program is really going to catch their imagination and encourage them to become public servants." Adds McEnery: "San Jose and the Silicon Valley have always been good at harnessing energy and idealism. That is what the Police Corps program is all about. It is to harness the energy and idealism that still exist in young people." ■



Walinsky

A Hop Too Many

End of a South African saga

Tony Tomasello, killing some slow moments last week at the gas station he owns in Fort Lauderdale, came across a fascinating story in his local newspaper. It said that a brown-haired man stopped by police for running a red light in the affluent Florida city might just be a Jesse James-style bank robber whose mixture of bravado and courtesy had made him a folk hero in South Africa. The traffic violator had given his name as Peter Harris. Tomasello had sold a used orange Mustang to a Peter Harris less than two weeks earlier. When he looked up from his newspaper, Tomasello saw the car buyer in front of him. "Is this you?" Tomasello asked, pointing to the story. "Yes, that's me," the man replied. "I can't believe they caught up to me so quickly."

Any run-of-the-mill criminal would have fled Fort Lauderdale in a flash. Not Harris, who was in fact Andre Charles Stander, 36, a former top detective and police captain in South Africa. Son of a police major general, Stander had inexplicably taken to robbing banks. Found guilty of several heists in 1980, he and a fellow convict, Patrick McCall, 34, overpowered three prison guards last August, escaped, and later broke into another prison to free Allan Heyl, 31, a friend. The three quickly began knocking off banks, some 20 of them, as many as four

in one day. As they hopped from bank to bank, they became known as "the Hopper Gang." Their net: an estimated \$500,000. Stander, skilled in disguises and schooled in police tactics, always spoke softly to terrified tellers. "If one can be polite when threatening someone else with a gun, Stander was," said one victim. Stander drove a yellow 1975 Porsche, rented three posh homes in suburban Johannesburg, and even when on the lam used to jog undetected amid police stakeouts.

Police learned of one of the gang's houses, raided it on Jan. 30, and killed McCall. Stander, who was not in the hideout, used phony identification and flew to Fort Lauderdale. South African police also seized a \$200,000 yacht bought by the gang and scheduled to be delivered to Stander in the Florida city. Stander learned of the yacht's discovery from a newspaper story—the same one that betrayed him to Tomasello.

Joining a police stakeout in the neighborhood, Tomasello spotted Stander riding a bicycle. After a short chase, the cornered fugitive raised his arms and shouted, "I give up!" Then he seized Patrolman Michael Von Stetina's shotgun and pointed it at the officer. Von Stetina killed Stander with three pistol shots. Even South Africa's Minister of Justice seemed saddened by the demise of his erstwhile nemesis, sending condolences to Stander's family. The South African public seemed disappointed too. Said an elderly Johannesburg woman: "We were all rooting for him. He had style." ■



Stander in disguise

Making Sure

Nevada won't trust California

The contest between prosecutors in California and neighboring Nevada is grim, but the two states have a common goal: they want to make certain that Gerald Gallego will die. A jury in California's Sacramento County last May convicted Gallego, 37, a former truck driver, of kidnaping a college couple, raping the woman and then killing both students. Gallego, whose father Gerald was executed in Mississippi in 1955 after a murder conviction, was sentenced to die. Says James Morris, the chief prosecutor: "He's a chip off the old block."

Prosecutors in Nevada's Pershing County, a largely desert area with only 3,500 residents, are not sure that California will ever send Gallego to the gas chamber. So they have charged him with the rape and murder of four teen-age girls in their county. The trial may cost \$60,000, which the county, its budget already in the red, cannot afford. But residents of both Nevada and California are contributing to a prosecution fund. So far, about \$2,500 has been donated. Says Pershing County District Attorney Richard Wagner: "California has a very liberal state supreme court. There are very few people who feel that the death penalty would be carried out there."

California prosecutors agree. In the past three years the California Supreme Court has ordered retrials in 18 of the 20 appeals of death sentences that it has received. Says Prosecutor Morris: "If anyone ever deserved to be executed, it's Gallego." ■

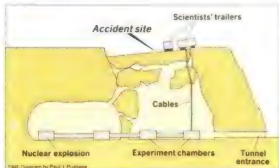
Collapse at Ground Zero

Initially, the test seemed routine. At 9 a.m., Department of Energy (DOE) engineers detonated a nuclear bomb 1,168 ft. beneath the arid landscape of the Rainier Mesa at the Nevada test site 93 miles northwest of Las Vegas. About three hours later, after instruments detected no radiation at the site, workers in white coveralls returned to trailers near the blast area to begin collecting data. They had just started to snip the 150 cables connected to underground sensors when the earth gave way. "I felt the earth shake, and before I knew it I was standing on my head," said J. L. Smith, a site supervisor. "We were walking on the ground, and all of a sudden it wasn't there."

Last week's cave-in left a D-shaped crater about 60 ft. wide, 150 ft. long and between 10 and 30 ft. deep. Although apparently no radiation had leaked, 14 workers emerged with broken bones and lacerations. Craters from previous underground nuclear tests pock the desert floor elsewhere on the 1,350-sq.-mi. site. But officials said they had had no reason to expect such a result in the mesa because it is made up of hardened volcanic ash and granite. In the past 20 years, the Government has exploded 45 nuclear devices with no ill effects in the tunnels bored under the mesa. Indeed, until last week there had been no direct injuries from the more than 600 atomic tests conducted in Nevada since 1951.

The Soviet Union promptly denounced the explosion as

a violation of a 1974 Soviet-American agreement that limits underground detonations to 150 kilotons (150,000 tons of TNT). Although the force of the weapon tested last week was classified, DOE officials said it was considerably lower than 20 kilotons, the explosive yield of the bomb dropped on Nagasaki. The blast registered 4.5 on the Richter scale on seismographs at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. But DOE officials said the instruments probably gave a high reading because the test was conducted in hard rock, which sends out a more powerful seismic ripple than does sandy soil. The incident is not expected to interfere with future nuclear testing.



DOE Diagram by Paul J. Pappas

World

COVER STORIES

Moving to Center Stage

In his debut, Chernenko assumes a cautious but determined stance



"What will the West think?" That timeless refrain, heard so often throughout Russian history, was voiced by a puzzled Soviet official last week as he pondered the remarkable political comeback of Konstantin Ustinovich Chernenko. The official's words were tinged with irony and embarrassment over what he considered to be the advanced age and limited qualifications of the man who had been selected by the Communist Party Central Committee to succeed Yuri Andropov. But they also betrayed a deep sense of uncertainty, even misgiving, that was felt around the globe as one of the superpowers went about its secret rite of political passage for the second time in just 15 months.

Only five times before has the world tried to peer through the Kremlin's wall of secrecy to witness a changing of the guard.* The sixth transition, which brought Chernenko to the forefront, was announced at 1:57 p.m. Moscow time last Monday. It was as full of imponderables as any that had gone before. Why, for example, had the tiny circle of men who rule the Soviet Union risked another short-term regime and picked Chernenko, 72, the oldest man ever selected to hold the country's most important position? How would that choice affect the lives—and indeed the spirits—of 274 million Soviets, who had watched Andropov begin to energize a cumbersome economic system only to leave the task undone? For a world anxious about the arms race, could the appointment lead to a thaw in relations with the U.S. and the resumption of the nuclear arms negotiations that were ruptured when the Soviets walked out of the Geneva talks late last year (see following story)?

Because of the new Soviet leader's long career as chief administrator of the Central Committee and as Leonid Brezhnev's appointments secretary, many Western analysts had dismissed Chernenko as a faceless bureaucrat who would

always be everyone's second choice for the job. Now he was being seen as the last-gasp leader of a gerontocracy intent on keeping the younger generation from moving too quickly into the corridors of power. Said a Western diplomat in Moscow: "If Andropov had lasted another four months, I don't think Chernenko would have made it."

Much about Chernenko suggested

No sooner had Andropov been buried near the Kremlin wall last week than rumors began to circulate that Chernenko was not in the best of health. It was widely noted that he had disappeared for two months last spring, reportedly because of illness. As the new Soviet leader read a eulogy for Andropov from atop the Lenin Mausoleum, he spoke in short, icy gasps.

It was observed by a Western analyst—and such observations are both the meat and the bones of Kremlinology—that Chernenko seemed to breathe at least three times as often as his neighbor on the reviewing stand, Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, 75. Later, the new General Secretary was seen to be barely able to keep his arm raised in a salute as crack Soviet troops marched past. After meeting Chernenko, British Social Democratic Leader David Owen, a physician, said that he thought the new Soviet leader was suffering from emphysema, a disease marked by shortness of breath.

Given the confusing circumstances of the latest succession, not the least of which was the fact that 93 hours passed before the Central Committee announced its decision, it was far too early to make judgments about Chernenko's future or be definitive about the direction that his regime might take. The coming months would show whether he was capable of amassing the same power that his recent predecessors had or whether he would have to share the titles and trappings of Soviet rule with his colleagues on the Politburo. Warned Dimitri Simes, a senior associate with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: "We overestimated Andropov. The danger now is to underestimate Chernenko."

For the moment, the new Soviet leader, whatever his drawbacks, plunged vigorously into the mandatory round of receptions and speechmaking. In his international debut, he seemed intent both on exuding confidence and authority and on reversing his longstanding image as nothing more than Brezhnev's loyal aide.

After a state funeral for Andropov in Red Square attended by thousands, Chernenko received more than 170 foreign dignitaries amid czarist-era splendor in the Kremlin's Hall of St. George. Unlike his predecessor, who had engaged in reception-line diplomacy following Brezh-



Konstantin Chernenko: "Continuity is not an abstract notion"

that he had stepped into history straight from the Siberian village where he was born on Sept. 24, 1911, only seven months and 18 days after Ronald Reagan. His open, almost cherubic face, with frosted brows that slant upward and icy blue eyes set in high Asiatic cheekbones, seemed unpretentious. As the new Soviet leader went through his paces last week, his dark suit appeared to hang awkwardly from his broad, slightly hunched shoulders. He seemed almost relieved after a Kremlin reception to enjoy a few private moments of male camaraderie with his elderly Politburo comrades, revealing a glint of gold as he smiled once or twice.

*Joseph Stalin became party leader in 1922. After his death in 1953, Georgi Malenkov briefly held the post, but he soon gave way to Nikita Khrushchev. Leonid Brezhnev took over in 1964, and Andropov succeeded Brezhnev in 1982.

nev's funeral, Chernenko shook hands stiffly, his face rarely creasing into the smile of the practiced politician. He did not appear to greet such Communist stalwarts as Cuban Leader Fidel Castro or Polish Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski with any more enthusiasm than he greeted Vice President George Bush or British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher.

Whatever personal words Chernenko had were apparently reserved for private sessions, such as the meeting he held with Warsaw Pact leaders. He also conferred with Castro, Afghanistan Party Leader Babrak Karmal and Nicaraguan Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra. Chernenko pointedly snubbed Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat, whose leadership has been challenged by pro-Syrian rebels and who had to watch the funeral from a section reserved for the ambassadors of Western and neutral countries. China's Vice Premier Wan Li, the highest-ranking Chi-

Vice President, Chernenko seemed self-assured and responded without using notes. "Mr. Chernenko conducted the meeting without turning from right to left for assistance," said Bush. "He gave the impression of a man who has the potential to be a strong leader."

When asked if the White House was pressing for a summit with the new Soviet leader, Bush would say only that the personal letter from the President, typed in English, that he had handed to Chernenko made no mention of "a date or specifics for a meeting." Meanwhile, Reagan, who had visited the Soviet embassy in Washington on Monday to sign a book of condolences, was more outspoken in dampening speculation about a superpower summit. In a newspaper interview, he opposed the notion of a "get-acquainted" summit. Said the President: "You should have an agenda to have such a

summit along the lines of the 1974 meeting between President Gerald Ford and Brezhnev in Vladivostok. Said Thatcher: "If there is to be progress on arms control, it will come not through negotiating skill alone but because a broader understanding has been reached."

French Premier Pierre Mauroy came away from his session with Chernenko, whom he had met in Paris two years ago, confident that Soviet-French relations were on the mend. West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl had the feeling that the new Soviet leadership was "weighing its words." Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau saw hope in the fact that "there was a repetition of the use of the word détente and a real continuity with the Brezhnev spirit." But Chernenko gave Western leaders no hint that the Soviet Union was about to change its position on the new NATO missiles in Europe. Reports on Chernenko's round of meetings carried by the official news agency TASS were de-



Glimpse of private pain: a Soviet soldier takes a final look as Andropov's open coffin is carried to a special cemetery outside the Kremlin wall

nese leader to set foot in Moscow in more than two decades, was received by Soviet Deputy Premier Geidar Aliyev, in strict conformity with protocol.

Vice President Bush had traveled to Moscow to affirm President Reagan's new commitment to improved superpower relations. He went into his private meeting with Chernenko wearing a tiny lapel pin from the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Trade and Economic Council that showed crossed American and Soviet flags. Bush described his 30-minute chat as "very tempered, very reasonable" and noted that he was returning home "with a certain sense of optimism." According to the

meeting that lays out the issues that we need to discuss."

Encouraged by the warm reception she received during a visit to Hungary earlier this month, Britain's Thatcher was also intent on improving relations with the Soviet Union. In her meeting with the leadership, she managed to strike a subtle balance between the stiffly formal Kremlin protocol and the more relaxed style of Western diplomatic gestures. TIME has learned that Thatcher, in consultation with Washington, hopes to expand bilateral meetings between East-bloc and Western foreign ministers in order to lay the groundwork for a possible superpower

assessments.

Muscovites watched from a distance as the diplomatic motorcades, led by blue-and-yellow police cars, crisscrossed the Soviet capital. They also gathered in front of television sets for news of what was transpiring in the Kremlin. For many, the stiff, unsmiling black-and-white portrait of Chernenko that appeared on the screen seemed to say it all. Soviets morbidly joked that if they had missed the Andropov funeral, they would "catch the next one." A man overheard on an elevator offered his own explanation of the succession: "Chernenko couldn't make it the first time when

he was competing with Andropov. Now that the better man is gone he'll get his chance." Said a worried Moscow housewife: "We are going back to the old ways. Andropov was a strong leader and a strict disciplinarian. Chernenko is like Brezhnev, softer. The Soviet people need someone who will make them work."

In his acceptance speech before the Central Committee, Chernenko tried hard to allay the misgivings he must have known many of his countrymen felt. "Continuity," he said, "is not an abstract notion. It is a living, real cause." He praised Andropov and urged that the best tribute the nation could pay the late Soviet leader would be to "carry on and further advance" his work. But Chernenko also called on party activists to "realistically evaluate what has been accomplished, neither exaggerating nor belittling it."

The Kremlin's new master offered no bold foreign policy initiatives. He restated his nation's commitment to the principle of "peaceful coexistence" and railed against the "reckless, adventurist actions of imperialism's aggressive forces." The Soviet Union, he said, did not seek military superiority, but would not allow others to upset the strategic balance. In a passage that must have pleased the military establishment, he promised to "see to it that our country's defense capacity be strengthened, that we should have enough means to cool the hot heads of militant adventurists."

Chernenko balanced his tough words with vague assurances that Moscow recognized that it had a responsibility for "preserving and strengthening peace." Said he: "We are for a peaceful settlement of all disputable international problems through serious, equal and constructive talks. The U.S.S.R. will cooperate in full measure with all states that are prepared to assist through practical deeds to lessening international tensions." Washington analysts carefully scrutinized such passages last week, looking for signals that the new regime might be more amenable to finding a way out of the superpower deadlock.

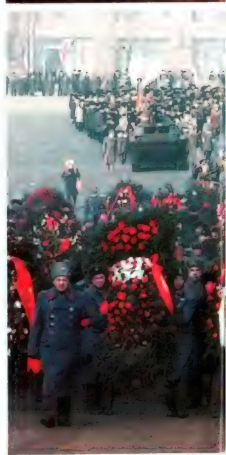
The main order of business for Chernenko, however, was the Soviet economy, which has been plagued by slower growth and widespread inefficiency. Borrowing some of the very words that Andropov had used in several speeches, Chernenko complained about "slackness" and "irresponsibility," noting that they "inflict serious social, moral damage." According to Chernenko, the whole Soviet economic machine was in need of "serious restructuring." Said he: "We expect from our economic executives more independence at all levels, a bold search and, if necessary, a well-justified risk in the name of increasing the effectiveness of the economy and ensuring a rise in the living standards of the people."

Drawing on his long experience in the Soviet bureaucracy, Chernenko advocated a clearer separation between the work of the party and that of state and economic organizations. The result, he said,



Final Tribute

Red wreaths, red armbands, red satin for the medals. Brilliance in solemnity, as Andropov's obsequies made their slow, grand progress in Moscow last week. Soviet leaders honored the late General Secretary at the House of Trade Unions before his body was borne to the burial site near the Kremlin wall. World leaders paid their respects: Cuba's President Fidel Castro, Poland's Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski, U.S. Vice President George Bush accompanied by Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Huddled together, Andropov's widow Tatyana and son Igor grieve for a more personal loss.





would be less duplication of effort. Said he: "Workers at municipalities, ministries and enterprises do not display the necessary independence, but shift to party bodies the matters that they should handle themselves." If such practices continued, warned Chernenko, they would weaken the party's political role. He reaffirmed that the party's strength must be "its contact with the masses" and "their practical attitude to production matters, to problems of public life."

Judging from Chernenko's speech, the new Soviet leader seems intent on doing just what his predecessor did—at least

Andropov began, which give some enterprises the power to make decisions more independently of centralized control. He has given indications that he wants to pursue Andropov's campaign for greater discipline and efficiency. The former leader had cracked down on absenteeism and drunkenness on the shop floor and on corruption in government ministries. But Chernenko is a conservative by instinct, with more experience in carrying out than in initiating policies. Says French Sovietologist Hélène Carrère d'Encausse: "He might adopt the themes of the anti-corruption campaign, but he will keep the

lists of dignitaries who signed official obituaries. Chernenko's collected writings and speeches were reprinted amid glowing reviews in the press. When workers nominated their candidates for next month's elections to the Supreme Soviet, the nominal parliament, Chernenko along with Premier Nikolai Tikhonov, 78, consistently placed second, after Andropov. The selection of Chernenko as chairman of the funeral committee was the final hint.

But how had Chernenko staged his political comeback? According to speculation at the time of Andropov's election, Chernenko had been passed over because of his close ties to the Brezhnev bureaucracy. According to this theory, the party apparatus, and hence Chernenko, had lost out when Defense Minister Ustinov tipped the balance in support of Andropov, who had been head of the KGB for 15 years and shared the military's concern for discipline and efficiency. The actual explanation may have been far simpler. Andropov's colleagues on the Politburo apparently considered him to be the more qualified of the two. But once Andropov's health began to fail, Ustinov, Tikhonov and Gromyko evidently decided to line up behind Chernenko rather than throw their support to a younger contender whom they considered too inexperienced for the job. It was Tikhonov who eventually nominated Chernenko in the closed Central Committee meeting.

Chernenko may be well suited to serve as chairman of the board in what could prove to be the most collective Soviet leadership since the first years of the Brezhnev era. A major test of his personal power will come when the Politburo decides who will assume two other posts left vacant after Andropov's death: the largely ceremonial position of Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, in effect President, and Chairman of the Defense Council, a shadow group that oversees national security policy (see *chart*). If Chernenko fails to be named to either post, he may prove to be little more than a caretaker.

Just as Andropov promoted several of his own men into the party machinery, Chernenko could use his power of appointment to consolidate control. But he too may run out of time. For the second time, the Politburo has postponed handing authority to the younger generation, represented by Geidar Aliyev, 60, Mikhail Gorbachev, 52, Grigori Romanov, 61, and Vitali Vorotnikov, 58. One of Chernenko's most pressing tasks will be to find ways of moving men like these into positions of power without threatening the old guard. One possibility is to give one of the "youths" the job of Premier, now held by Tikhonov.

There were signs last week that the logjam at the top had finally begun to break. Soviet officials hinted to members of the French delegation that Gorbachev,

THE PARTY

GENERAL SECRETARY:
CHERNENKO

POLITBURO
Currently twelve full and six nonvoting members. Sets overall policies for national and foreign affairs. Members also hold high positions in the government.

SECRETARIAT
Ten members. Runs day-to-day party business. Two members are also in the Politburo.

CENTRAL COMMITTEE
Meets twice a year to approve policies.

PARTY CONGRESS
About 5,000 delegates from party organizations around the country. Usually meets once every five years.

THE GOVERNMENT

PREMIER:
TIKHONOV
Chief day-to-day administrator

COUNCIL OF MINISTERS
Cabinet

SUPREME SOVIET
Meets twice a year to endorse decisions.

PRESIDENT:
VACANT*
Ceremonial head of state

PRESIDIUM OF THE SUPREME SOVIET
Parliamentary leaders

THE DEFENSE COUNCIL

CHAIRMAN: UNKNOWN*
Top-secret body responsible for military policy.

* Positions previously held by Andropov

for the immediate future. In the area of foreign policy, Chernenko does not appear to be any more willing than Andropov to resume nuclear arms talks. Nor does he seem to be eager for an early summit meeting with Reagan. Given Chernenko's limited experience with diplomacy and defense, he will probably rely on the advice of two Politburo veterans, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and Defense Minister Ustinov. Richard Thomas, director of the Center for Strategic Technology at Texas A & M University, believes that Chernenko will "rest on the oars a bit, see how the wind is blowing and move accordingly."

The same principle may apply to the new leader's handling of domestic problems. Chernenko will probably continue the limited economic experiments that

debate ideological and will avoid making waves."

As Chernenko moved to take control, Kremlinologists set about the task of unraveling the mystery surrounding the new leader's rise to power. A Western envoy concluded that Chernenko's acceptance speech was almost three times as long as Andropov's because he had to please more factions. Many Soviet experts viewed the delay in announcing a new leader as an indication of serious divisions within the Politburo. But in fact there was no concrete information about what took place between Andropov's death and the announcement of Chernenko's elevation.

With the benefit of hindsight, many experts concluded that Chernenko's election was predictable. For months his name had appeared near the top of the

who is responsible for agriculture, had emerged from the Central Committee session as the No. 2 man in the leadership and that he might soon be given "a high rank in the state bureaucracy." If Andropov had been grooming Gorbachev to succeed him, as had been widely thought, Gorbachev was apparently shrewd enough not to press his claims now. In a move that could be significant, he gave the closing address at the party meeting that elected Chernenko; when Andropov was named, that honor had gone to Chernenko. Another hint of Gorbachev's rise in status came when he stood at Chernenko's right as the leadership paid its respects to Andropov at the neoclassical House of Trade Unions. Gorbachev later assumed a prominent position among the pallbearers at the funeral.

Since the Central Committee session was closed to the public, it was during Andropov's burial ceremony that Soviets heard Chernenko speak for the first time as leader of the Communist Party. The

added his own forceful commentary. Ten times he invoked Andropov's name, praising the late Soviet leader for his "unflinching attention to securing a reliable defense."

The funeral rites had unfolded with solemn precision, a fitting tribute to a leader who had stressed discipline and order. As the strains of Chopin's *Funeral March* sounded over and over again in mournful monotony, the procession set off from the House of Trade Unions toward Red Square along 600 yards of streets that had been brushed clean of ice and snow. A burial plot had been marked off for Andropov in the special cemetery along the Kremlin wall reserved for prominent Communist leaders. Appropriately, Andropov was buried alongside Felix Dzerzhinsky, the man who in 1917 had founded the security agency that grew into the KGB empire that Andropov ran before becoming party leader.

from one another in their fur hats and look-alike overcoats with red armbands, led the last group of official mourners.

In life, Andropov was a figure far removed from the world of average Soviets. The tears of distraught family members made him seem more human in death. Before the lid could be closed on Andropov's coffin, his wife bent to kiss his pale forehead. She tenderly caressed his sparse hair and then kissed him again. She had behaved at that moment of grief as any Russian woman would. For many Soviets witnessing the scene on their television screens, that moving glimpse of private pain seemed to cut through the hundreds of thousands of words that sped forth in official obituaries and were scarcely different from those that had marked Brezhnev's passing.

At exactly 12:45 p.m. Tuesday, Andropov's coffin was lowered into the ground 50 feet from the Kremlin wall. From the Moscow River, foghorns blared, joining with sirens, wheezing factory whis-



Politburo front line bids farewell: Romanov, Mikhail Solomentsov, Gorbachev, Victor Grishin, Ustinov, Tikhonov, Chernenko, Gromyko

performance did not inspire confidence. Standing atop the dark red marble Lenin Mausoleum in 23° F weather, Chernenko read the prepared text of his eulogy haltingly, almost gasping his words. He restated briefly the main foreign policy themes of his address to the party plenum. Noting that the Soviet Union was ready "for honest talks on the basis of equality and equal security," Chernenko also warned that "we will not be scared by threats." His voice sounded thin and quavering as he said, "Farewell, our dear friend and comrade, Yuri Vladimirovich! Your bright image will remain with us forever."

In contrast, Gromyko and Ustinov seemed poised and assured as they stepped to the podium, conveying the impression that the foreign policy Establishment and the military were strong pillars of the new regime. In a resonant baritone, Gromyko stated bluntly that "those who are pursuing a policy of militarism, the mad arms race and interference in the internal affairs of other countries should renounce this policy and substitute for it a policy of peace and cooperation." Ustinov

Two generals led the funeral parade, carrying a large portrait of Andropov. His full-cheeked, almost youthful face contrasted dramatically with the skeletal, almost alabaster profile that thousands had glimpsed while filing past his coffin. A sea of red floral wreaths followed, adding a brilliant touch to a procession colored mostly in drab grays and black. Then two officers in tall Astrakhan hats appeared, carrying the late leader's 21 medals, including Orders of Labor and Orders of the Red Banner of Labor on red satin pillows. It was exactly half the number of medals that had accompanied Brezhnev to his grave.

Finally the coffin, draped in red and black cloth, came slowly into view, resting atop a gun carriage drawn by an olive-green military scout vehicle. Walking immediately behind were the members of Andropov's family: his son Igor and his daughter Irina, who was wearing a stylish red fox coat. Andropov's widow Tatyana, whose existence was not publicly known before Andropov's death, was too grief-stricken to join in the procession. The Politburo leaders, almost indistinguishable

and rolling gunfire in a mournful cacophony. When the noisy tribute had ended, an eerie silence hung for five minutes over Red Square—and the nation. Then Chernenko and his eleven comrades on the Politburo regrouped on the mausoleum to review troops from the Moscow garrison, parading briskly past them to the strains of a stirring march. The Andropov era, brief as it was, had ended.

As the Chernenko regime began last week, workmen dismantled the enormous portraits of the late leader and took down the red and black bunting that had shrouded the Soviet capital during four days of mourning. The hammer-and-sickle flags above the Kremlin were raised again to full staff. Most dead Soviet leaders vanish quickly into history. It was not clear how much of Andropov's legacy would survive the transition. For the moment, the watchword appeared to be continuity. Said a senior British diplomat: "Making haste slowly is likely to be the policy." After months of stasis and drift, the Soviet colossus may begin to move again.

—By John Kohan. Reported by Erik Amft/theatrot/Moscow, with other bureaus

Trying to Bury a Hatchet

The U.S. adopts a gentler tone, but will the Kremlin respond?



The Reagan Administration did its best last week to suggest that the changing of the guard in the Kremlin was an opportunity for the superpowers to thaw their frigid relations. After his meeting with Konstantin Chernenko, Vice President George Bush declared that the two men had agreed on the need "to place our relationship upon a more constructive path." He added, "The mood was good, the spirit was excellent. It signals that we can go from there."

ly bridge the ideological divide between their governments. The Soviet leader made fun of Reagan's rhetorical tactics and challenged him to match his "speeches" with "practical deeds." Nonetheless, the Soviets began to mute their rhetoric somewhat. The Soviet press stopped portraying the President as a new Hitler, and leaders backed away from Andropov's statement of Sept. 28 suggesting that the Kremlin had abandoned any hope of doing business with the Reagan Administration.

But it is highly questionable whether

Helmut Sonnenfeldt, a former aide of Henry Kissinger's who is now at the Brookings Institution, believes that the core questions of nuclear-arms control will have to await a number of other developments. Before it would be prudent for the U.S. to make any adjustments in its negotiating positions in INF or START, he says, the Soviets will have to show flexibility in the talks between NATO and the Warsaw Pact on conventional forces that are due to resume in Vienna next month. They should agree to "confidence-building measures," like the ongoing negotiations over upgrading the Moscow-Washington hot line. In addition, says Sonnenfeldt, the Soviets will have to show their willingness to reduce international tensions and avoid the temptation to seek advantages at U.S. expense in the Third World.

Sonnenfeldt expects Reagan's visit to China in April to give the Kremlin an added incentive to seek better ties with the U.S. Since Richard Nixon's trip to China in 1972, the U.S. has had more leverage with Moscow when Washington's connection with Peking was strong. But partly because of the Reagan Administration's early arms sales to Taiwan, the Sino-American leg of the triangular relationship has been shaky.

Even if the tone of U.S.-Soviet relations continues to improve, it will be difficult to resume productive arms-control negotiations. One obstacle is very much of the Soviets' making. They justified their walkout, and have set conditions for their return that are not acceptable to the alliance: that the U.S. agree to withdraw from Europe the nine Pershing II and 32 cruise missiles that were deployed last December.

Since Andropov's death, some Soviets have privately hinted that a freeze on the further installation of new U.S. nuclear weapons in Europe (a total of 572 are scheduled to be deployed by the end of 1988) might help get talks going again. But Reagan ruled that out last week. A moratorium, he said, "would be a retreat, and it would not do anything to speed up negotiations if we now fell back and delayed deploying."

In START, the obstacles are more of the Administration's making. From the beginning of the talks in 1982, the U.S. has demanded massive and unrealistic reductions in the Soviet Union's arsenal of land-based nuclear weapons. Last fall some of Secretary of State George Shultz's aides designed a new initiative that might be more acceptable to the Soviets. To minimize the appearance that the Administration was changing course, State Department officials explained that their so-called framework approach was nothing more than an elaboration of the Administration's existing START proposal.

In fact, it would be a dramatic return to more traditional approaches in arms control. The framework borrows heavily



The President, facing a portrait of Andropov, signs the condolence book in the Soviet embassy before the Soviet leader's death. Reagan had declared a cease-fire in the war of words.

Chernenko was considerably less ebullient. In his debut as General Secretary, he stressed the Soviet Union's determination to maintain its military strength and denounced Western leaders for their "reckless actions" that threaten the strategic balance. But American officials chose to stress that Chernenko had refrained from singling out the U.S. or Ronald Reagan by name and that he had reiterated the Soviet Union's preference for solving international disputes by negotiation.

Even before Yuri Andropov's death, Reagan had unilaterally declared a cease-fire in the war of words. In a TIME interview on Jan. 2, Reagan vowed that he would not use phrases like "focus of evil" in reference to the U.S.S.R. again. On Jan. 16, he gave a speech conjuring up the image of a folksy get-together among Jim and Sally and Ivan and Anya, who quick-

ly the Kremlin or, for that matter, the Administration has either the will or the way to effect a major turn-around, particularly in the most important area: the pursuit of a nuclear-arms-control agreement in the coming months. In response to the initial deployment of U.S. missiles in Western Europe at the end of last year, the Soviets walked out of the Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF) negotiations and broke off the parallel Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START) in Geneva.

Getting the negotiators back to the table will be difficult enough; reaching any agreement will be even more so. Progress in arms control has always depended on a degree of civility and a broader context of cooperation, or at least jointly regulated rivalry, between the superpowers. Re-establishing those conditions for productive diplomacy will be time consuming.

from the rules and structure of the SALT II treaty, which was never ratified by the Senate after it was signed by Jimmy Carter and Leonid Brezhnev in 1979 and which the Administration has ritualistically denounced as "fatally flawed." It permits considerably more trade-offs between areas of U.S. strength, bombers and cruise missiles, and those of Soviet strength, ballistic missiles.

Arms-control specialists remain divided over the proposal. Opponents, notably Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, have denounced the framework approach as a shameless retreat from the U.S.'s original ambitious goals and, worse, a capitulation that would reward the Soviets for their stonewalling and their walk-out. The State Department rebuttal has been that START is at a dead end and the U.S. must show the way out.

This debate was well under way before the change in the Kremlin, but Chernenko's accession may eventually strengthen the hand of those in the Administration arguing for a new initiative.

can't provide anything like that for your people?"

Reagan is, according to his aides, somewhat more interested in a summit meeting now than he was last year, when he strongly implied there must first be a major breakthrough in the arms-control negotiations. Republican strategists believe the President would benefit from a grand gesture of statesmanship and that even the more modest accomplishment of resuming the stalled talks in Geneva would deprive the Democrats of a potentially damaging issue. "All other things being equal," says an Administration official, "we'd rather that Walter Mondale not be able to go into the campaign accusing us of having presided over the total collapse of superpower negotiations."

The Administration, however, is still a long way from formally changing its position or tabling a new proposal. On the contrary, says a White House spokesman, "there isn't any furious search to make new concessions. The thinking is that it's the Soviets' turn. We've done all we can

Andropov order. Chernenko and his comrades have presumably had to make promises to the military, beginning well before the moderate new sounds began coming out of Washington. Besides, in their obsession with continuity, the last thing the Kremlin will want to convey is any impression that the death of its leader will be accompanied by a change of policy that its adversaries can exploit.

The Soviets understand the motivations behind Washington's mild talk. While they are probably realistic enough to know they cannot do much to damage Reagan politically, they do not want to do him any favors either. Says Arnold Horelick, formerly the CIA's top Kremlinologist, now director of a newly formed Center for the Study of Soviet International Behavior sponsored by the Rand Corp. and U.C.L.A.: "The Soviet leaders will be reluctant to do anything that might gratuitously contribute to Reagan's re-election. That does not mean they would turn their backs on something concrete, but they certainly are not going



For one thing, the trend was already moving in the State Department's direction. Even though Reagan has yet to focus on the details of the framework approach, he has become tantalized by the idea of achieving a breakthrough before the election. He has authorized Shultz to discuss the possibility of a new START approach with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Anatoli Dobrynin. If there is to be progress, Reagan stressed last week, it will be achieved through "quiet diplomacy." A number of policymakers emphasized that in addition to cooling the public rhetoric, the U.S. must engage the Soviets in intensive secret talks.

Over breakfast last week, Reagan remarked, "I've never been in Marine One [the White House helicopter] flying at a low altitude over our cities and looking down at the homes that our working people live in without fantasizing what it would be like to have Soviet leaders with me and be able to point down and say, 'That's where the workers in America live; they live like that; how long are you going to cling to that system of yours that

without the Soviets' doing anything in return." A staff member of the National Security Council is confident that the Soviets will indeed make the next move: "The change in leadership more than anything means that the Soviets have an opportunity to get away from their own policies and statements of the past year without embarrassment." But hearing that assessment last week, a Soviet spokesman snapped, "Nonsense! That's utter wishful thinking! It's the U.S. that must move!"

Even if the two sides could meet halfway on terms for a new round of talks, and even if the Administration did embrace the State Department's recommended shift, the talks would be arduous. The State Department's framework approach, with its ceilings on missile warheads, would still cut by about half the number of warheads the Soviets would be allowed to have a decade from now. The Soviets are certain to resist such a proposal, even in exchange for significant U.S. concessions.

Nor is there much reason to think that the Soviets share the eagerness of some in the Administration for a deal this year. In maneuvering for their places in the post-

to join us in a fishing expedition."

Even if the Administration did follow up with a substantive shift in policy, there would be a strong inclination in Moscow to see how much further the Administration might budge before reciprocal Soviet concessions were necessary. That process, too, would take time, especially since it would coincide with the distractions and disruptions of a presidential campaign in the U.S. as well as a period of consolidation in the Kremlin.

While an arms-control agreement and a summit—or even a summit without an agreement—cannot be ruled out entirely some time later this year, the more probable course is more of the inconclusive long-distance dialogue that Reagan and Chernenko began last week. The two leaders are likely to continue publicly exchanging carefully modulated but hedged probes and propaganda parries, remaining in their respective capitals while their emissaries slog away in private at the daunting problems that divide the two countries.

—By Strube Talbot,
Reported by Douglas Brew and Barrett Seaman/
Washington

The Quiet Siberian

The best of good soldiers, he shows patience and a vast memory



One reason Westerners have had such difficulty analyzing and describing Konstantin Chernenko is that the Kremlin's penchant for secrecy as well as the lack of a real electoral process tends to cloak the private lives of Soviet rulers in multiple shadows. Yuri Andropov was dead before the world knew he had a living wife; she suddenly appeared at his funeral. Another reason for the difficulty is that by the time a new man achieves leadership, the Soviet mythmakers have been long at work. Last week, for instance, there were reports in Moscow that Chernenko was often seen walking and even exercising near his dacha in the woods outside Moscow. Rumors that he might be in poor health needed to be quashed.

But Chernenko's personality and political experience are also at the heart of the uncertainty about what he represents. He is a Russian who was raised in Siberia, and his background marks him as both peasant born and a man of the people. He spent more than 40 years laboring patiently in the party apparatus. For 34 of those years, he was associated with Leonid Brezhnev, acting as a friend, confidant and aide-de-camp. It was Chernenko who turned up Brezhnev's hearing aid and, on occasion, ordered the translators to speak louder so the old man could hear. The best of good soldiers, he was Brezhnev's choice for the succession. But when Andropov was chosen, everybody assumed that Chernenko's career was finished. Instead, Chernenko apparently transferred his loyalty to his former opponent.

Unlike Andropov, who never traveled to a country that was not under Communist control, Chernenko is not unknown in the West. Still, a number of Westerners who have met him are unimpressed. "He is a dullard," says Malcolm Toon, the tart-tongued former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, who met Chernenko at the SALT II talks in Vienna in 1979. Zbigniew Brzezinski, the Carter Administration's National Security Adviser, remembers Chernenko as "a very cautious bureaucrat, very deferential to Brezhnev, not forceful, not dynamic." The fact that Chernenko was "the least competent, the least likely to innovate [of the contenders]," Brzezinski believes, is probably advantageous to the U.S. and perhaps for East-West relations.

Others who have met Chernenko are less eager to rush to judgment. Former President Jimmy Carter, who also watched him at Vienna, agrees that Chernenko was Brezhnev's right-hand man at the conference, but feels he was by no means merely a subservient functionary. Chernenko was taciturn. Carter recalls,

"A Radiant Future"

In spite of a reputation for keeping out of the public eye, Konstantin Chernenko made a collection of his essays and speeches, and has published 15 of them. Many of the pieces were prepared for specific occasions. Taken as a whole, however, the selection offers a fascinating picture of the corporate Soviet mind. Except for a page-long personal history, included in the preface at the publisher's request, Chernenko's book presents an almost disembodied, albeit forceful, expression of Communist Party orthodoxy. It serves as an interesting guidebook to the official Soviet position on matters both practical and ideological, as well as offering Chernenko's—and presumably the Soviets'—view of the world. Herewith, excerpts from the English-language version of the book, which will be reprinted in paperback by Pergamon Press of Oxford next month under the title Selected Speeches and Writings:

On his boyhood: I was born into a large and poor peasant family in the Krasnoyarsk region of Siberia in 1911. I lost my mother when I was a young boy. At twelve I went to work for a wealthy master to earn my living. New Soviet life was just coming into its own, and I felt its fresh winds when I had joined the Young Communist League. That was back in 1926. We studied and held down our jobs at the same time. We were underfed and poorly clothed, but the dream of a radiant future for all fascinated us and made us feel happy.

On détente: It is sometimes claimed that peaceful coexistence and détente, as well as cooperation, are impossible in conditions of continued ideological struggle. Some go still further, demanding that we renounce ideological confrontation. Nobody, however, can abolish the ideological struggle at will. This is an objective, historical category in a world where social classes and different social systems exist.

On the U.S.: In the United States they are stubbornly insisting that negotiations on specific issues should be conducted in the context of the full spectrum of international problems. Only recently the U.S. Administration expatiated on every issue without exception in the context of its thoroughly hypocritical concern for "human rights." Now we are being faced with new "contexts." What are the motives behind them? one may wonder. They are simple: to evade, let us say, strategic arms limitation talks, to add fuel to conflicts, to interfere directly or indirectly in the internal affairs of other nations.

On Central America and Cuba: We are living in a rapidly changing world. None of the earlier epochs has known such sweeping and dynamic changes. Social change is literally knocking at the doors of the most ossified tyrannical regimes before our very eyes. In Latin America this is evidenced conclusively by the collapse of the dictatorship in Nicaragua... the people's movement in El Salvador, the growing will of all nations of the continent toward independence and freedom. The United States wishes to oppose these changes by its "rapid deployment force," by permanent power pressure against countries pursuing a policy unpalatable to it. This is a dangerous line.

Indeed, is it the Cuban teachers schooling children in Nicaragua who are searching for concessions for Cuba or trying to pocket the wealth of that country? Did the valiant sons of Cuba give military support to independent Ethiopia and Angola at the request of their governments in order to deprive them of their freedom or to interfere in their affairs? No, a thousand times no!

On Soviet Jews: All those who are drumming up artificial arguments about the existence of the Jewish problem in the Soviet Union are complete bankrupts and hypocrites. The Zionist adventurists, who are playing with the fates of the people they have deceived in Israel and elsewhere, are clamoring for

“New Soviet life was just coming into its own, and I felt its fresh winds when I had joined the Young Communist League.”

yet he was frequently consulted by his Soviet colleagues.

Chernenko visited Paris in 1982 to attend the 24th Congress of the French Communist Party. Afterward, he was given a rather grim reception by the French government, which was upset about the Soviet-inspired imposition of martial law in Poland only seven weeks earlier. But in Chernenko's talk with French Premier Pierre Mauroy, says a French official who attended the meeting, the Soviet visitor came across as "a man of conviction and even punch." At one point, Mauroy referred to "heaven" as he described the importance of the Roman Catholic Church in Poland. This remark elicited a flash of that rarest of Chernenko's known qualities, a sense of humor. "Heaven," he quipped, "is already inhabited—by our cosmonauts."

People who have known Chernenko say that his most impressive attribute is his prodigious memory. In presenting him with the Order of Lenin on his 70th birthday three years ago, Brezhnev is supposed to have told his loyal deputy, "I can think of no case in which you have ever forgotten anything, even when it dealt with



Brezhnev and Chernenko in Vienna in 1979

things that seemed negligible at first glance." That accolade earned Chernenko the potentially alarming sobriquet "the man who never forgets." Stored in his capacious memory are countless files, names, incidents, favors given and favors received. In the view of many Soviet analysts, he is far from a fool. As Alexander Rahr, a Soviet-born expert at Radio Liberty in Munich, puts it, "He is a quiet Si-

berian, a man who can be quite cunning, a man who knows what power is." But he is also said to have a common touch in dealing with subordinates. As a Soviet journalist who has seen him on numerous occasions observed, "He treats unimportant people like human beings."

Though the trip was scarcely noticed at the time and is barely remembered, Chernenko has visited the U.S. One day in 1974, retired U.S. Diplomat Nathaniel Davis recalls, Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin called him at the State Department and asked whether he could bring around a "personal guest" from Moscow. The guest turned out to be Chernenko, who had come to Washington to see his daughter. She was then either an employee or, more likely, the wife of an employee of the Soviet embassy. Chernenko was interested in discussing the State Department's experience with computers in handling personnel matters. Beyond that, he wanted to talk about how the department made its assignments, decided on transfers and dealt with other personnel business. After arranging the proper security clearance, Davis showed the white-haired visitor

all the world to hear about denial to Jews of full freedom of emigration from the socialist countries to Israel. Numerous letters and eyewitness accounts show, however, that Zionist propagandists are pushing emigrants into a quagmire of political and economic hardships. As for the real situation in the field of Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union, Jewish citizens are allowed to leave the country in accordance with the same regulations that are valid for all Soviet citizens.

On China: For the time being let us be guided by the facts, which evidence that chauvinistic, expansionist psychosis generated by Maoism has not yet died down in Peking. The Chinese leadership continues in touch with the imperialist circles of the United States, Japan and a number of other states to spin a web of intrigues against the socialist community, against the progressive, revolutionary liberation forces. What is more, China definitely expects assistance from the West in modernizing its armed forces.

On Afghanistan: Washington, assisted by Peking, provoked the "Afghan crisis" so as to free its hands completely for a policy of opposition to détente. And when we helped our neighbor Afghanistan give a rebuff to the aggression, repulse the attacks of the bandit gangs operating primarily from Pakistan territory, Washington and Peking raised an unprecedented hue and cry. The Soviet Union was accused of all imaginable sins: an ambition to make a breakthrough to the warm seas, an intention to pocket foreign oil, etc. The actual reason for that campaign of slander was the collapse of the plans to draw Afghanistan into the orbit of imperialist politics and to create a threat to our country from the south. Now life in Afghanistan is gradually returning to normal.

On anti-Soviet feeling: In an interview with the American journalist Louise Bryant, Lenin said, "America will gain

nothing from the pious Wilsonian policy of refusal to do business with us for the simple reason that our government is not to their liking." This statement has stood the test of time. Fantastic allegations about the Soviet Union's ambitions for "world supremacy" and "a world Communist government" may only lead the cause of international intercourse and cooperation into a dangerous deadlock. The hue and cry about "international terrorism" allegedly being masterminded by the Soviet Union is just as absurd.

On internal corruption: Party organizations are empowered to inspect the work of the management. Making wide use of criticism and self-criticism, they struggle with determination against red tape, parochialism, infractions of the law and labor discipline, and carry out measures to end mismanagement and extravagance. It must be confessed that some rank-and-file party members and leading executives are prone to be generous at government expense. Such "philanthropists" dip their hands into the public pocket themselves and are indifferent to embezzlement of public property by others. They cause grave harm to Communist

construction, of course, but they do not run the show, figuratively speaking. They are too few and far between to warrant judgment about Communists in general.

On Soviet society: We have neither exploiters nor exploited people nor unemployment nor poverty. A country in which formerly three-fourths of the population could not read or write, the Soviet Union has become a land of 100% literacy, and three-quarters of its working people have a secondary or higher education. In place of backward Imperial Russia, a new country has emerged that has the world's largest number of book readers and theatergoers and the largest number of engineers, scientists and doctors. And every Soviet citizen is confident that tomorrow he will live even better than he lives today.

“Social change is literally knocking at the doors of the most ossified tyrannical regimes before our very eyes.”

World

around the department and talked with him at some length. "It was clear that he was a man of some importance, because he was not lacking in presence," Davis recalls. "He was quiet but attentive, and he asked good questions."

The casual reference to Chernenko's daughter is all that is known about her to this day. Some what more information is circulating about the rest of his family, although it is hard to know how much is fact and how much is the work of Soviet mythmakers. The name of Chernenko's wife is Anna Dmitrievna. She is in her 60s and is apparently in good health. She is said to love the theater and the cinema, and on occasion has arranged private screenings of Soviet movies for other Kremlin wives. Chernenko's son Vladimir, who is in his late 30s, is an executive of Goskino, the state-run film-making organization. A graduate of the Institute of Foreign Relations, which trains young diplomats and journalists, Vladimir reportedly plays the piano and banjo and likes Western popular music and hard rock. Some sources say Chernenko has a second son, possibly from an earlier marriage, who works for the provincial propaganda department in the Siberian city of Tomsk.

Chernenko was born on Sept. 24, 1911, to a family of Russian peasants in the central Siberian village of Bolshaya Tes. In his youth he signed up with the Komsomol, or Young Communist League, the usual first step for people who want to become members of the Communist Party. In 1931 he joined the party, and a decade later became a local secretary. Chernenko is one of the few Soviet leaders of his generation who do not seem to have fought in World War II. He spent most of the war years in Moscow attending the Higher Party School, an ideological training ground for party officials. In 1953 he received a diploma from a teachers' college, the Kishinev Pedagogical Institute. The luckiest break in his career came in 1948, when he was sent to the former Rumanian province of Moldavia, where a frenzied "Sovietization" campaign was in progress. Chernenko became the chief of Agitation and Propaganda, or Agitprop. Leonid Brezhnev subsequently was named first secretary of the Moldavian branch of the party. Not long after Brezhnev took over the Soviet party leadership from Nikita Khrushchev in 1964, he moved Chernenko to Moscow and made him head of the party's General Department, where he ran the day-to-day activities of the Central Committee. Chernenko became a full member of the 300-member Central Committee in 1971 and of the Politburo in 1978.

Chernenko's early attempts to



Chernenko with Brezhnev at signing of 1963 test ban treaty

establish himself as a writer on ideological subjects were hampered by his lack of erudition. It is said that Mikhail Suslov, the party's chief ideologue in the post-Stalin period, had a poor opinion of Chernenko's abilities and was reluctant to let him publish articles in *Kommunist*, the party's main ideological publication. But after Suslov's death, in January 1982, Chernenko wrote frequently for *Kommunist* on general Soviet policy, especially on relations between Moscow and the foreign Communist parties. His attitude toward culture and the arts was as conservative and as ideologically provincial as his background would suggest. In an address last June to the Central Committee, he complained of literary characters who were "loose and whining" or worse, "God seeking." The purpose of art was to present positive Communist heroes, he declared, while plays and films that fell short of party ideals should be "stamped out resolutely."

His oratorical skills are weak, at least in the opinion of most Westerners who have heard him. He tends to speak rapidly, possibly because of his breathing problems, and to stumble over words. One frequently cited example is said to have occurred on Oct. 29, 1982, a few days be-



Andropov and Chernenko at 1982 celebration of the Revolution
He has survived under adversity and prospered by his wits.

fore Brezhnev's death. Brezhnev had sent Chernenko to Tbilisi, in Georgia, to stand in at a party meeting. Chernenko read his speech so badly that the Tbilisi television studio stopped the sound. A TV announcer finished reading the text, while the TV cameras showed Chernenko churning bravely on to the end.

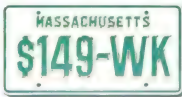
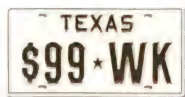
None of these failings particularly mattered to Brezhnev, to whom Chernenko had long since made himself indispensable. He traveled with Brezhnev to the Helsinki Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe in 1975 and to the signing of the SALT II agreement in Vienna in 1979. He attended Communist Party conventions in East Germany, Denmark, Greece, Cuba and France. He dutifully looked after the older man, even monitoring the number of cigarettes that Brezhnev smoked on his trips abroad. But because of this role it became too easy to lose sight of the fact that Chernenko was a highly valued adviser, as Brezhnev emphasized when he effusively praised Chernenko's fine memory as "my notebook." In the end it is probably his shrewdness, a sort of Soviet equivalent of street smarts, that really accounts for Chernenko's longevity in Politburo politics.

Even the death of Brezhnev and the rise of Andropov did not impair Chernenko's career. He confounded his enemies by remaining active in the hierarchy. Last spring he was out of sight for two months. Inevitably there was speculation about his health and political status. But by June he was back in the public eye and, as Andropov's health declined, Chernenko appeared to fill the void. During the Red Square parade marking the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution on Nov. 7, Chernenko stepped into Andropov's place at the center of the Politburo lineup atop the Lenin Mausoleum.

Perhaps above all, to cite a quality often attributed to Ronald Reagan, Chernenko is lucky. Says Soviet Expert Seweryn Bialer: "Chernenko is the master of the older generation that makes up the inner core of the Politburo. If Andropov had recovered and led the Soviet Union for another year or two, the succession would have gone to a younger man." Perhaps.

But Andropov did not recover. Chernenko was given a second chance, primarily because he had behaved in a way that would make a second chance thinkable to his peers. He is a shrewd politician with a long memory. The question now is whether a man with so firm a hold on the past will be able to embrace the future.

—By William E. Smith,
Reported by Nancy Traver/Moscow
and Frederick Ungeheuer/Bonn, with
other bureaus



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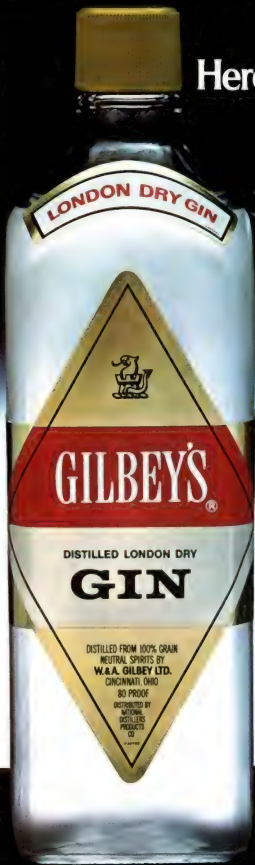
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World



Young dancers practice their steps at a disco in a Black Sea resort

Grandchildren of the Revolution

A big Chernenko challenge: westward-looking, apolitical youth



At a festival in Soviet Armenia, 5,000 rock-besotted fans sway and twitch in the stands of a bicycle stadium. Onstage, half a dozen Soviet groups belt out numbers in a Berlitz of languages, including English, Italian and French. As midnight slips by, the gray-uniformed police stationed by the amplifiers glower, but the beat goes on. Suddenly a combo swings into an Elvis Presley classic, and the fans roar along, "Mah bluh svade shoes."

Not long ago, Oleg Radzinsky, 25, stood before a Moscow judge. The charge: spreading anti-Soviet propaganda. In 1982, Radzinsky had joined with a dozen other young Soviet intellectuals and founded the country's only independent peace organization. Besides seeking to exchange ideas with like-minded Americans, the defendant reportedly had been teaching the works of banned authors like Alexander Solzhenitsyn. The sentence: one year in prison and five of internal exile. The trial went virtually unnoticed by Soviet youth.

Those are two glimpses of the world of young people in the Soviet Union, one as telling as the other. They can rock 'n' roll with happy abandon, but they do not demand the climate of freedom that spawned the Western youth culture in the first place. Their lack of interest in politics was evident last week in the absence of young faces in the procession to bid farewell to Yuri Andropov. "What goes on in the leadership is remote from our lives," said Volodya, 26, an engineer. "Besides, nobody asks our opinion."

Today more than half of the Soviet Union's 274 million citizens are under 30. Had the Politburo selected one of its younger members to lead the country,

young Soviets might have seen a sign that someone was trying to bridge the generation gap. Konstantin Chernenko, however, strikes the young not only as a typically uninspiring ideologue of the old school, but also as uncharacteristically voluble in decrying the youth culture brought in from the West. Only last June, Chernenko delivered a jeremiad to the Central Committee contending that "our enemy is trying to exploit for its ends the specific features of youth psychology."

More fundamental, Chernenko and his contemporaries are sensitive to the fact that today's youth belong to the first generation that has not been directly touched by the fervor of the Bolshevik



Teen-agers quaff beer at a Moscow pub
Drifting through a day-to-day existence.

Revolution or tempered by the monumental sacrifices of World War II. In his speech last year, Chernenko complained that "our young people have not seen firsthand the grim trials of class struggle and war, when the true face of imperialism with its hatred for the peoples of our country and for the socialist system was laid absolutely bare." Such finger wagging does not find a receptive audience among the grandchildren of the Revolution. "That he says these things is understandable," acknowledges a student in Moscow. "The trouble is, he believes them."

Young people in the Soviet Union today are, by and large, more materialistic, more outspoken and much more curious than ever before about the outside world, especially the U.S. But if today's youths are less passionate about Communist ideology than their forebears were, they are no less patriotic. "We have grown up without the privations of war, so this has allowed us to think more about ourselves and give our personal desires more importance," says Yuri, 28, a gas-drilling technician from the Caucasus. "But we are just as ready to defend our motherland."

The craving for Western goods, and its implied materialism, is evident everywhere. Jeans and rock music are even more popular than they were a decade ago, and now those fads have filtered from the city to the countryside. A pair of brand-name denims fetches \$400 on the black market in Siberia; tapes of Michael Jackson and the Police go for \$54 in Moscow. Teen-agers are so fond of Adidas sneakers that a new Russian adjective has been coined: *adidasovskiy*, meaning "terrific." A trendy girl is described as *firmennaya*, from *firma*, meaning an item with a Western brand name.

Western pursuits are copied just as eagerly. Soviet youths who have come to love pizza and disco music are now smitten with skateboarding and jogging. Among the well educated in Moscow and Leningrad, Jane Fonda is a cult figure, but not for her politics. Her popularity stems from movies and, even more surprising, from bootlegged tapes of her exercise routines.

Donning Levi's and a college T shirt emblazoned STANFORD is not an act of political rebellion but of status seeking. For Soviet youngsters, Western products proclaim to their friends, "I can get what I want." A scarf with a designer signature adds a dash of color to what can be a gray existence. Nor are Soviet officials immune to the temptations; it is often their children who are first to sport the latest Western clothes, courtesy of a trip abroad or a state store reserved for the elite. "What cannot help alarming us," Chernenko said last year, "is the desire on the part of our youth to make themselves noticeable not by their knowledge or industry but by expensive things bought with their parents' money."

World

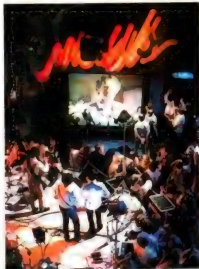
Such clucking is in character with the scrupulous attention the Soviet government pays to the young. Soviet parents are fond of saying, "Our children are our future." From age seven, when first grade begins, the children are enrolled in Leninist youth groups, which can lead eventually to party membership. After showing the proper spirit as "Little Octobrists" (named for the month in which the Russian Revolution took place), boys and girls graduate to the "Young Pioneers" at the age of nine. Their training in athletics, fitness and handicrafts can soon turn political. At the Black Sea camp of Artek last summer, Pioneers wrote postcards to President Reagan urging him to accept Soviet peace proposals; during a broadcast of the TV show *I Serve the Soviet Union*, Pioneers ran obstacle courses

begins anew. Only 20% will go on to one of the country's 66 universities (among the most desirable: Moscow University and the Foreign Relations Institute, also in the capital), while others will enter one of the more than 800 prestigious technical institutes for degrees in areas such as engineering and computer programming.

As Soviets grow up and see the gulf between the Communist dream and reality, some fall back on job and family. Rifi, a red-haired Tatar who services diesel locomotives in Samarkand, declares ebulliently, "Best of all in my life I like my work." Others, however, are inclined to become cynical and apathetic. Tanya, 21, is an attractive Muscovite who works as a waitress. Married and divorced in her teens, she is content to drift through a day-to-day existence.

grit of nationalism. In school, children are drilled constantly on the heroic deeds of earlier Communists, especially during World War II. Teen-agers regale visitors with exploits of this or that World War II unit, complete with names, numbers and battles. The history lessons are selective: no mention is made of Soviet unreadiness for the German attack, for example. The U.S. role in the victory is underplayed.

But despite the traditional xenophobia of the Soviets, many of today's young say that their dearest wish is to travel to other countries, especially the U.S.; the most popular foreign language taught in schools is English. Passion for American music is so strong that it sometimes revives détente: last June a rock extravaganza in Moscow was linked by satellite with a jazz concert in California. Natasha and some of her friends met seven U.S.



Rock concert linked to the U.S. by satellite



Young Pioneers exchange ideas at camp



Zap! A boy plays a video war game in Moldavia

and assembled machine guns, all under the watchful eyes of KGB border guards.

By age 15 most Pioneers join Komsomol, the League of Communist Youth. Forty-two million Soviets, 60% of those between the ages of 15 and 29, participate in its lectures, sporting events and work projects. Joining Komsomol does not ensure a better education or job, but failure to belong can hinder one's career.

School, in effect, sorts out the young. All students attend classes through the eighth grade, when they take a battery of tests that determine the next step. For many families, this is a time of great anxiety, replete with tutors hired at \$13.50 an hour. Low scorers usually switch into a vocational school, lasting one to two years, that prepares them for factory and service jobs. Those who fare better on the exams gain admission to a more advanced training school that usually lasts four years and turns out electricians, factory foremen and the like. Good students finish high school. After that the winning

In the evenings she sometimes catches a movie with a girlfriend, but mostly she watches TV in her cramped apartment. Often she calls in sick. Observes a neighbor: "I have met many like her. They live in a political no man's land between loyalty and dissidence."

Better educated than their parents, the young outspokenly criticize the system, not for its ideology but for its inefficiencies. Vladimir, 27, a worker in Siberia, wonders why the Soviet Union is rich in resources but "our products are shoddy and poor." Government and party also inspire less admiration when youths realize how much business is done through bribery and favoritism. The young are, above all, losing touch with the forces that drove their ancestors to embrace Communism. "Ours is a lost generation," says Larisa, 25, an artist in Leningrad. "For us there are no dreams, no illusions, only a hard existence from day to day."

As ideology loses its hold over the young, the regime must strengthen the

college students en route from Kiev to Moscow last summer. Suspicion dissolved into excited questions on topics ranging from rock music to nuclear war. But the answers are not always trusted. Told that Americans do not have to serve in the Army any more, Leonid was skeptical. "Obviously, they have been told to lie about it," he said afterward. "Everyone knows America is a militaristic society."

That attitude should reassure the Kremlin, for it illustrates that a Soviet youngster can be enthralled with the trappings of Western culture but still retain his deeply nurtured distrust of the U.S. Indeed, the blue jeans and the disco thump probably serve as useful vents for youthful frustrations. The greater threat facing Chernenko is not that the Soviet Union's young people are attracted to other cultures, but that the system does not provide for their multiplying needs and locks them into slots at an early age, breeding apathy and boredom.

—By James Kelly.
Reported by Erik Amft/theatrol/Moscow

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World



Wrapped in a white plastic sheet, Hunt's body is carried from Rome's San Giovanni hospital

TERRORISM

Alive and Well

The Red Brigades are back

It was 6:45 in the evening when the sleek blue Alfa Romeo pulled up before the large two-story house at 20 Via Sudafica in a prosperous section of Rome. While the car idled in the street, the chauffeur operated a remote-control device, opening the metal gates that sealed off the driveway. Suddenly, three men sprang from a blue Fiat 128 parked across the street, spraying the Alfa Romeo sedan with bullets. The driver yelled at his

passenger to get down; the armored car's heavy metal plating and triple-thick bulletproof glass held true. Then one gunman jumped onto the trunk and fired several rounds into the upper edge of the rear window. A single bullet ripped through the rubber and thin-metal frame holding the window in place, striking the head of American Leamon R. Hunt, 56, director general of the Multi-National Force and Observers in the Sinai. Hunt died within minutes of his arrival at Rome's San Giovanni hospital.

Half an hour after the attack, a Milan radio station received an anonymous phone call. "This is the Fighting Communist Party," said a man with a thick Roman accent. "We must claim the attempt on General Hunt, the guarantor of the Camp David agreements."

Italian authorities believe the organization is one of the extreme factions of the leftist Red Brigades, which have been responsible for dozens of terrorist attacks in Italy, including the 1981 kidnaping of U.S. Brigadier General James L. Dozier.

Dozier's rescue and a series of arrests of key Red Brigades leaders had led

many Italians to hope that the group had been neutralized. Instead, it seems that terrorism may be once again on the rise in Italy. Shortly before Hunt's assassination, a repentant Red Brigades leader warned on national television that the organization is "alive and they will strike in Rome." On the day of the Hunt killing, Prime Minister Bettino Craxi sent a report to parliament on the growing danger of resurgent terrorism in Italy linked to the turmoil in the Middle East.

As investigators pored over the sparse evidence in the Hunt case, it was beginning to appear that a Middle East connection was involved. Hunt, a civilian, was head of the 2,600-man contingent patrolling the Sinai under the terms of the 1978 Camp David agreements. A retired foreign-service officer, he was not among the highest-ranking Americans in Italy, but Middle East duties would have made him a prime target for extremists from the region. Authorities are most alarmed over the possibility that some of the estimated 300 Italian terrorists known to be at large may have allied themselves with the pro-Iranian Shi'ites responsible for car-bomb attacks on the French and U.S. Marine compounds in Beirut and the Israeli headquarters in Tyre last fall.

Hunt's killing was the latest in a series of assassinations in which Middle East involvement has been suggested. Unidentified assassins gunned down the Libyan Ambassador to Italy, Ammar el Taghazi, last month. More recently, two radical terrorist groups claimed responsibility for the fatal shooting on a Paris street of Gholam Ali Oveissi, who commanded Iran's army under the Shah. The next day the United Arab Emirates Ambassador to France, Khalifa Ahmed Abdel Aziz Mubarak, was slain as he left his Paris home. Italy is not alone in serving as a killing ground for Middle Eastern vendettas, and the Red Brigades, specialists in death, may have found new life through ties to the Middle East's more murderous factions.

ARGENTINA

Going Home

A guerrilla leader is seized

It was hardly a dramatic ending to one of Latin America's most notorious terrorist careers. When Brazilian federal police descended last week on a modest apartment in Rio de Janeiro's fashionable Ipanema district, their quarry no doubt expected the visit: he had returned home the night before to find Brazilian reporters squatting on his doorstep, clamoring for interviews. After the authorities finally arrived, Mário Eduardo Firmenich, leader of the quondam Argentine urban guerrilla organization known as the Montoneros, surrendered without a struggle. Locked away in downtown Rio's Praça Mauá jail, Firmenich now awaits formal extradition proceedings that would return him to the country where, during the 1970s, his crimes helped to create a decade of bloody turmoil and an eventual military dictatorship.

A onetime neofascist student leader, Firmenich, 36, virtually inaugurated the brutal period of terror and counterterror that became known as Argentina's "dirty war." In 1970 he and a small group of colleagues won instant fame by kidnaping and murdering a former Argentine provisional President, Army General Pedro Eugenio Aramburu. The justification: "anti-imperialism." Eventually, Firmenich declared an underground guerrilla war against the incompetent regime of then President Maria Estela Martínez de Perón, better known as "Isabelita."

In its mid-'70s heyday, the Montonero organization grew in strength to about 20,000, including some 5,000 fighters. Under Firmenich's direction, they carried out countless assassinations and bombings that were financed through kidnapings. The guerrillas withered away, however, during the bloody repression that followed Argentina's 1976 military coup. Firmenich escaped to Europe, where he issued defiant manifestos and embraced luminaries like Yasser Arafat of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Firmenich also bragged from exile that his Montoneros played a small but vital part in the 1979 Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua.

Firmenich evidently developed pangs of homesickness after Argentina began reverting to civilian rule last year. In December he and four other Montonero leaders made a grand show of sending an open letter to the country's President-elect, Raul Alfonsín, offering to take part in a "constructive and democratic opposition." Last week Firmenich finally received his formal reply.



Leamon Hunt



Firmenich



DODGE PRESENTS A FORWARD LOOK AT ANOTHER REVOLUTION



1983—USFL'S IMPACT ON THE FOOTBALL WORLD

A LOOK AHEAD AT '84—TEAM PREVIEWS

THE USFL'S BATCH OF HOMEGROWN TALENT

LOOK WHO'S COMING TO THE USFL



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SEASON IN REVIEW

Taken in perspective, the United States Football League's first year can be measured mainly by its impact on the entire football world. When the original 12 owners announced the formation of the League that May afternoon in 1982, they probably only dreamed that two years later, spring football would be giving fall football a run for its money.

And looking back at the first season, the mind is filled with memories. The first college player draft, beginning January 4, and the signing three days later of Ohio State running back Tim Spencer, Chicago's first-round draft choice. Before the next week had ended, top picks Craig James had signed with Washington, Reggie Collier with Birmingham, Trumaine Johnson with Chicago and David Greenwood with Michigan.

Star players continued to be signed, but it wasn't until late in February that the League's impact was truly felt. That was when Georgia running back Herschel Walker, with one year of college eligibility remaining, signed with the New Jersey Generals. It was Walker's signing that lifted the USFL from the quiet of training camp to the excitement of opening day.

Attendance ebbed and flowed until a record 60,237 fans poured into the Pontiac Silverdome for the Michigan Panthers' playoff game. For the season, an average of about 25,000 fans attended each USFL game. Philadelphia had the best regular season record but the Panthers beat the Stars in the first championship game.

There were 111 games and 111 winners. Most would argue there really weren't any losers. And, yes, there were cheerleaders, too. Making it likely there will be even more to cheer about in 1984.

TODAY'S
ATTENDANCE
60,237
THE PANTHERS
THANK YOU!!





EASTERN CONFERENCE



ATLANTIC DIVISION
New Jersey Generals
Philadelphia Stars
Pittsburgh Maulers
Washington Federals

SOUTHERN DIVISION
Birmingham Stallions
Jacksonville Bulls
Memphis Showboats
New Orleans Breakers
Tampa Bay Bandits

ATLANTIC DIVISION

The newly aligned Atlantic Division is one of similarity and uniqueness. The division houses the team with the best regular season record in 1983 (Philadelphia). It has the top two running backs from the League's inaugural season (Herschel Walker and Kelvin Bryant). The top kickoff returner (Eric Robinson) is credited with the only kickoff return for a touchdown.

NEW JERSEY GENERALS:

The Generals return Walker, the League's leading rusher in 1983 with 1,812 yards. Walt Michaels, who took the N.Y. Jets to the 1982 AFC Championship game, is new owner Donald Trump's choice as head coach. Even with Walker around and a loyal Giants Stadium following, the Generals managed just a 6-12 record in 1983. The secondary has been upgraded with the addition of NFL All-Pro safety Gary Barbaro (Kansas City Chiefs) and cornerback Kerry Justin (Seattle Seahawks).

The signing of defensive end Marshall Harris should upgrade the defense but improvement is necessary in the passing game and on the offensive line. If New Jersey expects to challenge Philadelphia, a balanced offense must be developed.

PHILADELPHIA STARS:

Under the direction of Carl Peterson, the League's executive of the year, and coach Jim Mora, the Stars fashioned the USFL's best record (15-3) and advanced to the first championship game before losing to the Michigan Panthers. The Stars' success started up front with tackle Irv Eatman and center Bart Oates, a pair of rookie standouts. Quarterback Chuck Fusina adroitly led a controlled offense which took advantage of running backs Kelvin Bryant (1,442 yards) and Allen Harvin (681).

A speedy pass-catcher would add another dimension to the team's offense. The defense was an aggressive bunch, led by unheralded linebacker Sam Mills and safety Scott Woerner. Placekicker David Trout led the League in scoring (121 points) and punter Sean Landeta placed a League-high 31 punts inside the 20-yard line. This is clearly a team with few holes to fill.

PITTSBURGH MAULERS:

Coach Joe Pendry should be able to use the experience he gained in helping build Philadelphia in its first year. The Maulers are expected to open the season with former Dallas Cowboy Glenn Carano at quarterback. Two Lawrences will be competing for running back jobs. Amos and Cyrus. Amos' rights were acquired from the Stars while Cyrus attended Virginia Tech. one of the team's territorial schools. Amos is only the second player in NCAA history to have rushed for over 1,000 yards four consecu-

tive seasons. Cyrus is Virginia Tech's all-time leading rusher. They will be joined in the backfield by William Miller, a standout CFL performer.

A defense must also be built around cornerback Jerry Holmes, who left the NFL Jets for the Maulers. Other possibilities on that unit are former All-CFL cornerback Harold Woods and tackle Mark Buben, the initial player selected in September's expansion draft.

WASHINGTON FEDERALS:

After a string of early-season injuries decimated the Federals' offense, Ray Jauch's bunch came back to play competitive football in the season's final weeks, despite their final record of 4-14. After a slow start because of a back injury, running back Craig James finished with 823 yards while midseason acquisition Billy Taylor added 757 yards and caught 64 passes. Quarterback Mike Hohensee was in and out of the lineup with a variety of ailments but showed flashes when healthy. Mike Holmes and Eric Walters caught 13 touchdown passes between them and the addition of former Baltimore Colt Randy Burke should upgrade the receiving corps.

The offensive line needs help and Jauch hopes former Saint Chuck Slaughter will add bulk and experience. The defense should get a lift from former Chicago Bear Bruce Herron and the return game is in the able hands of Eric Robinson.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

The move of the Boston Breakers to New Orleans and their placement in this division will provide excellent balance in the South and should produce some interesting rivalries.

BIRMINGHAM STALLIONS:

The Stallions led the USFL in rushing last season with an offense that was more grind-it-out than explosive. The average per rush (4.1) ranked in a tie for fifth. But that should change with the addition of former Auburn back Joe Cribbs, who served his apprenticeship with the Buffalo Bills and will now be coming home. Cribbs will get help from an offensive line anchored by Tom Banks, Buddy Aydellette and Pat Phenix. Coach Rolfe Dotsch came to Birmingham after serving as the Pittsburgh Steelers' offensive line coach.

A quarterback battle shapes up between Reggie Collier and Bob Lane. Collier missed most of the '83 season after undergoing knee surgery and Lane took over. A more polished passer, Lane may not have the overall athletic ability of Collier. A rugged finishing schedule left the Stallions at 9-9 last season.

JACKSONVILLE BULLS:

Coach Lindy Infante is regarded as one of

the finest offensive minds in the game but the Bulls need a quarterback. Infante tried to lure his former Bengal pupil Turk Schonert to Jacksonville but Schonert re-signed with Cincinnati. Now he hopes there's something left in the arm of Mike Kruczek, who was last active in 1981 with the Washington Redskins. Former Chicago Bear Willie McClelland should spearhead the running attack while Dave Otey, George Collins and Nat Hudson are being counted on for the offensive line. Wyatt Henderson caught 54 passes and scored nine touchdowns for Oakland in 1983.

MEMPHIS SHOWBOATS:

One thing that can be counted on is the Showboats being colorful, thanks to coach Pepper Rodgers. But they'll need more than Rodgers' quips to be competitive. Mike Kelley, who played well on occasion for Tampa Bay last season, will compete for the quarterback job while two of the running backs, Eddie Payton and Louie Giamanna, are good special teams players. Gregg McCrary and Doug Cozen will vie at tight end. Defensive end Calvin Clark was a steal from Arizona in the expansion draft. Linebackers Bill Roe and Joe Harris and defensive back Ed Taylor provide needed experience on defense.

NEW ORLEANS BREAKERS:

The Breakers' move from Boston brought Coach of the Year Dick Coury to New Orleans, something that city is unaccustomed to. Led by quarterback John Walton and running back Richard Crump (990 yards), the Breakers were 11-7 but missed out on the playoffs. And now, the receiving corps headed by Nolan Franz and Frank Lockett can look forward to the addition of tight end Dan Ross, who has left the Cincinnati Bengals for the USFL.

The defense is in the good hands of linebackers Marcus Marek and Ray Phillips while kicker Tim Mazzetti missed the scoring title by two points, hitting 77 percent of his field goals and not missing on 38 extra-point tries.

TAMPA BAY BANDITS:

Under the direction of Steve Spurrier, they played Bandit-Ball in Tampa in 1983 and the fans loved their 11-7 team, although the Bandits fell short of the playoffs. Jimmy Jordan established himself as a competitive quarterback filling in for the injured John Reeves, and receivers Danny Buggs (76 receptions) and Eric Truvillion (66) ranked in the League's top five. The Bandits can count on running back Gary Anderson for a full season.

Guard Fred Dean will also be available for an entire season and the defense is led by underrated nose tackle Fred Nordgren. Additions Mike Butler and Rick Mohr on the line should further upgrade the defense.



WESTERN CONFERENCE



CENTRAL DIVISION
Chicago Blitz
Houston Gamblers
Michigan Panthers
Oklahoma Outlaws
San Antonio Gunslingers

PACIFIC DIVISION
Arizona Wranglers
Denver Gold
Los Angeles Express
Oakland Invaders

CENTRAL DIVISION

Clearly the USFL's "renegade" division, the Central has Gamblers, Gunslingers and Outlaws as expansion teams joining the "new" Blitz and the champion Panthers.

CHICAGO BLITZ:

Any resemblance to last year's Blitz is purely coincidental. Chicago fans saw their team finish 12-6, make the playoffs, and then leave for Arizona with the 4-14 Wranglers coming to Chicago. So it's up to new coach Mary Levy to take the best of the Wranglers and build from there.

The best of the holdovers are tight end Mark Keel (65 receptions) and receivers Neil Balholm and Jackie Flowers, who each had 63 catches. Now doing the passing will be Vince Evans, who left the Chicago Bears, while tight end Gary Lewis left the NFL Packers for the Blitz. Darryl Clark shows promise as a running back, and former Bears Dan Joffets and Perry Hartnett will be on the offensive line. The defense has some young talent in Ray Cottage and Randy Jostes on the line, and Tommy Wilcox at defensive back.

HOUSTON GAMBLERS:

The beacon of the Gamblers will be quarterback Jim Kelly, who signed with the USFL after being drafted No. 1 by the NFL Bills but hasn't played since a shoulder injury ended his senior season early in 1982. He'll be joined in the backfield by college teammate Mark Rush, a versatile fullback who was a 4th round draft choice of the Minnesota Vikings.

Defense, the specialty of coach Jack Pardee, will be headed by former New England Patriots linebacker Mike Hawkins and ex-Baltimore defensive end Hosea Taylor. Former Univ. of Texas standout Kiki De Ayala, a 6th-round draft choice of the Bengals in 1983, will help at outside linebacker.

MICHIGAN PANTHERS:

Coach Jim Stanley's Panthers have done little offseason tinkering to their championship bunch but did add NFL veteran defensive end Dave Pureifory and offensive linemen Ken Daffarior and Jeff Wisika. MVP Bobby Hebert is back at quarterback with a diversified offense led by Ken Lacy and John Williams at running backs, and Anthony Carter and Derek Holloway at wide receiver. The strong line remains anchored by former Steelers Ray Pinney, Tyronne McGriff, and Thom Dornbrook.

USFL Defensive Player of the Year, linebacker John Corker heads the Panthers' defense. Several all-pros will be looked to for continued blue chip performances: nose guard David Tipton and defensive backs David Greenwood and Clarence Chapman.

OKLAHOMA OUTLAWS:

The fortunes of the Outlaws rest squarely in the huge hands of quarterback Doug Williams, who left the NFL's Tampa Bay

Buccaneers for the USFL. He'll likely be throwing to former Philadelphia Eagle Alvin Hooks and former Packer Fred Nixon. Providers of pass protection will come from among 9-year Patriot Sam Adams, Mark Goodspeed, Kevin Sloan, Frank Frazier, Bruce Byrom, and Ted Cirillo.

Former Seahawk Terry Beeson is expected to add defensive leadership at linebacker, and he'll be joined by Curtis Anderson at defensive end and Tony Hayes at linebacker. Jeff Jackson and Tony Suber may also help the defensive line. Rookie Darrin Newbold, drafted by the Jets, is expected to start also.

SAN ANTONIO GUNSLINGERS:

The early strength of the Gil Steinkelmed Gunslingers appears to be the offensive line. Guard Rich Garza was plucked from the Philadelphia Stars in the expansion draft and a pair of former Houston Oilers, Ralph Williams and Greg Davidson, were added at tackle and center. Competing at quarterback were Brad Wright, Mike Ford, and Alvin White, while Mike Hagen was expected to make a contribution at fullback. The Gunslingers hope Stanley Washington develops at receiver.

Linebacker John Barefield was being counted on to lead the defense along with linebacker Rich D'Amico, defensive linemen Charles Philyaw and Jerry Wilkinson, and defensive back M. L. Carter.

PACIFIC DIVISION

The switch of the Chicago Blitz to Arizona, becoming the "new" Wranglers, has made the division probably the strongest from top to bottom in the League. While Oakland won the division with a 9-9 record last season, Los Angeles and Denver were competitive all year.

ARIZONA WRANGLERS:

Playing in Chicago last season as the Blitz, the George Allen-led club made the playoffs before losing to Philadelphia. The move to Arizona actually strengthened the team because quarterback Alan Risher will remain with the Wranglers and compete with Greg Landry for the No. 1 job. Whoever the signal-caller is, he'll have lots of help. Receiver Trumaine Johnson led the League with 81 receptions and 1,322 yards. Running backs Tim Spencer (1,157) and Kevin Long (1,022) each rushed for more than 1,000 yards.

The line is led by Tom Thayer and Tom Piette and should be stronger with the addition of former Eagle Frank Giddens and ex-Brown Gerry Sullivan. The defense is led by all-League lineman Kit Lathrop and veteran Luther Bradley, who had a league-high 12 interceptions and a pro football record of six thefts vs. Tampa Bay.

DENVER GOLD:

Denver was the Gold's game in 1983 and a midseason switch from Red Miller to

Craig Morton as coach was done with the hope of adding excitement to the offense. Denver's quarterback backs rated at the bottom of the signal-callers all season and improvement must come at that position. The offensive line was strengthened with the addition of the Yarno brothers, George and John, and the hoped-for contributions of Matt Miller and Ray Wagner. Harry Sydney and Larry Canada were steady at running back, but the Gold should benefit from a full season's production from Vincent White.

Canada was the team's leading receiver with 42 catches and the top wide receiver, Vic James, had just 25. That's an area the Gold hope they have improved with the addition of Wade Manning and Aaron Williams.

The aggressive defense, led by linemen Laval Short and Calvin Turner, linebacker Puff Choate, and defensive backs Dave Dumars and David Martin, should be helped by the addition of linemen Dave Stalls and Pat Ogrin, and safety Steve Trimble.

LOS ANGELES EXPRESS:

Even with a running game that averaged a league-low 96.6 yards per game, coach John Hadl's Express finished just one game behind first-place Oakland in 1983. Add tight end Ricky Ellis, the USFL's No. 3 receiver in '83, and sure-handed Kris Haines, and the Express has potentially the finest pass-catching corps in the League. Late-season acquisitions of Jojo Townsell and Anthony Allen helped the passing game, and Jeff Simmons was signed in the offseason. A major question is whether Campbell will stick to his rotating quarterback system that featured Tom Ramsey and Mike Rae in '83.

The underrated defense was led by defensive tackle Eddie Weaver and linebacker Eric Scoggins. Late-season signee George Achica will have the benefit of a full year, and the Express added corner man Johnny Lynn, who left the NFL Jets.

OAKLAND INVADERS:

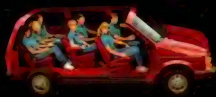
Off-season acquisitions have added more skill to coach John Raiston's offense, but help is still needed to keep quarterback Fred Besana from being sacked a league-high 71 times. A hope there is offensive lineman Randy Van Divier. Besana led the league with 3,980 passing yards, with most of the passes going to running back Arthur Whittington, tight end Raymond Chester, and receiver Gordon Banks. Whittington also rushed for 1,043 yards.

Ron and Holden Smith were added at wide receiver, John Thompson will provide depth at tight end, and Toussaint Tyler may be the back the invaders need.

The defense has potential with returnees Frank Manumaleuga, Randy McClanahan, David Shaw, and Gary Plummer at linebacker, and Marcus Quinn at defensive back.



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CLASS OF '83

In the National Football League, when the consistent success of the Dallas Cowboys and Pittsburgh Steelers is analyzed, there exists a common thread that runs through both teams. The phrase "Grow your own" is used often when describing those yearly winners.

And while United States Football League teams grabbed headlines in its first year by signing away numerous veterans from the NFL, the infant league certainly had its share of rookies grown right at home, with many earning spots on the inaugural all-league team.

Overall, there were more than 100 rookies who finished the '83 season on a roster of a USFL team, and for those players it was a year filled with more football than ever before. Starting with practice for the 1982 college season in late August, those players participated in as many as 12 college games, one or two all-star games in January, and then went directly to training camp with a USFL club in February. Following that was an 18-game regular season and for some, one or two playoff games.

Of course, some of those rookies who played college football in 1982 did not have the same continuous streak of football because they signed with the new league after the season began. But there can be no denying the impact these "marathon men" had on the USFL.

After a slow start, Michigan quarterback Bobby Hebert emerged to become the league's top-rated passer, throwing 27 touchdown passes with a 7.91 yards per attempt average. Hebert was the Most Valuable Player in the Panthers' championship game win over Philadelphia. He also took advantage of the League's unique scholarship incentive program and returned to school at Northwestern (La.) State where he received a business degree December 17.

Other rookie quarterbacks showing promise were Tom Ramsey of Los Angeles and Alan Risher of Arizona. Risher tossed

20 TD passes and led the League at one point in that category before an elbow injury hampered his progress. In addition, Birmingham's Reggie Collier showed great ability before knee surgery prematurely ended his season.

The top four running backs in the League were rookies. New Jersey's Herschel Walker led the USFL with 1,812 yards and 17 touchdowns. He was followed by Philadelphia's Kelvin Bryant with 1,442 yards and 16 TDs, Michigan's Ken Lacy (1,180 yards), and Chicago's Tim Spencer (1,157). Washington's Craig James was bothered by a back injury early in the season but came on to rush for 823 yards, while Tampa Bay's Gary Anderson gained 516 yards after being signed in early May.

Chicago's Trumaine Johnson was the leading receiver with 81 receptions for 1,322 yards and 10 touchdowns. Tight end Mark Keel and wide receiver Neil Balholm were bright spots in Arizona's season. Perhaps the most exciting pair of receivers were found in Michigan, where Anthony Carter and Derek Holloway greatly contributed to Hebert's glowing success. Carter caught 60 passes for 1,181 yards (19.7 average) and scored nine touchdowns after a slow start. Holloway grabbed 39 passes for 811 yards (20.8 average) and scored 11 TDs. In Los Angeles, late signees Anthony Allen and Jojo Townsell caught 37 and 21 passes, respectively. Allen averaged 16.6 yards per reception and Townsell 15.5, while each scored three touchdowns.

Washington's durable kick returner Eric Robinson led the USFL with a 29.0 average on 21 returns and he also averaged 7.1 yards per punt return. His 94-yard touchdown was the only score in the USFL's first season on a kickoff return. Carter also excelled in returning punts. He returned 40 for a 9.7-yard average, tied for second in the League, and his 57-yard return for a touchdown was one of only two punt return TDs overall.

A fine group of rookie offensive linemen

also made their mark. Tackle Irv Eatman and center Bart Oates headed Philadelphia's offensive line while center Wayne Radloff anchored Michigan's veteran line. Jeff Kiewel remained in Arizona when most of the Wranglers went to Chicago, and Birmingham received good performances from Mark Battaglia and Pat Phenix.

Michigan had a superb group of rookie defenders. David Greenwood was an all-league pick at safety and he also punted (41.4-yard average) for the Panthers. Linebacker Ray Bentley was overshadowed by the play of Michigan's more publicized linebackers but was steady and consistent, while Kyle Borland also contributed.

Talented defensive linemen included Jackie Cline of Birmingham, who was credited with 5½ sacks, Randy Jostes and Ray Cottage of Arizona, and George Achica of Los Angeles. Boston rookie linebacker Marcus Marek improved as the season progressed and also intercepted four passes. Other standout rookie defensive backs were Philadelphia's Antonio Gibson, Wymon Henderson of Los Angeles, Jeff Brown of Washington, and Tommy Wilcox of Arizona. Wilcox and Brown each intercepted six passes.

Rookie kickers also met with success. Philadelphia's Sean Landeta was the USFL's third best punter with a 41.9-yard average. Landeta led the League with 31 punts inside the 20 and only eight of his 86 punts went for touchbacks. Dana Moore joined Washington early in the season and had a 40.5-yard average, while Arizona's Mike Mees signed late in the year and averaged 39.6 yards per kick.

The only rookie placekicker to last the entire season was Michigan's Novo Bojovic, who ranked sixth in the League with 103 punts.

Clearly, the USFL recognized the need for building teams from the ground up. While veteran players will continue to be added, the young player remains the hope for the future.



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Cribbs finished the 1983 season as the second-leading ground gainer in Buffalo history, surpassed only by the legendary O. J. Simpson. "I'm coming home," says Cribbs of his future adventures with the Stallions. "When people asked me why I came to the USFL, I told them it was for two reasons. First was the opportunity to play at home in front of my family and



friends, many of whom had never had the chance. Second, the USFL represents a great opportunity in itself. It's a challenge to be on the ground floor of something new, something different from what you're used to."

Birmingham fans won't have to wait long to see two of the great rushers in the game. The Stallions open at home the first weekend against the New Jersey Generals and Herschel Walker, who led the USFL in rushing in 1983.

Among the Generals who'll try to stop Cribbs is Gary Barbaro. The three-time Pro Bowl performer departed the Kansas City



Chiefs for the New Jersey Meadowlands.

Considered among the top three players at his position, Barbaro intercepted 39 passes in seven seasons. A starter in 101 games, or every game of his career, Barbaro should anchor a greatly-improved Generals defensive unit.

In Doug Williams, Vince Evans and Brian Sipe, the USFL quarterbacking position has taken a quantum leap forward. Williams joins the Oklahoma Outlaws following five years with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

Evans simply moves across town, taking his considerable skills to the Chicago Blitz from the Bears. And Sipe brings 10 years experience with the Cleveland Browns to New Jersey.

Williams, whose wide-open offensive style became a trademark, passed for over 12,000 yards in five seasons. Evans was a Bears draft choice in 1977. "The opportunity to play regularly with the Blitz was a



major factor in my coming to the USFL," Evans says. "When the season opens, I know I'll be the guy taking the snaps. I didn't have that feeling with the Bears. I feel as though I'm going to be starting over."

Starting over. It's a common refrain from several of the other stars who'll be making their mark in the USFL this year. Tight end Gary Lewis will be on the receiving end of Evans' passes with the Blitz after having played the last three years with the Green Bay Packers.

Dave Stalls, at one time the leader of Tampa Bay's defensive line, who closed out 1983 with the Raiders, will wear the uniform of the Denver Gold. Jerry Holmes, a highly-regarded cornerback, has forsaken the New York Jets in favor of the Pittsburgh Maulers.



In Brian Sipe, the Generals obtained an unquestioned field leader who was the NFL's most valuable player in 1980. The holder of virtually all Cleveland passing records, Sipe has thrown for over 20,000 yards as a professional.

With the January draft just barely completed, the Pittsburgh Maulers struck yet another blow for the USFL by signing Mike Rozier, the Heisman Trophy-winning running back from Nebraska. Rozier becomes the second consecutive Heisman winner to enter the USFL following Herschel Walker, the 1982 recipient.

Sipe, Williams, Cribbs, et al, are just a few of the stars who'll be on their way to the bigger and better USFL in the days and weeks to come. Coupled with the outstanding young talent the League has signed directly from college, the USFL is quickly making springtime football a fixture on the country's sports scene.

And the best is yet to come.

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World

THE GULF

"Quiet War"

Iran and Iraq go full tilt

Preoccupied by Lebanon's disintegration, Western nations have paid little heed to another continuing tragedy, the seemingly endless border war between Iran and Iraq. Yet throughout the 41-month-long struggle that has claimed more than 130,000 lives, vital Western interests have been in jeopardy. That point was driven home again last week as the war entered a new cycle of bloodletting. While thousands of Iraqi and Iranian troops clashed in major battles, the widening conflict reawakened the U.S. and other oil-consuming nations to the threat of a blockade of the Strait of Hormuz, the gateway through which 20% of the oil sup-

plies of people at a crowded bus stop. Meanwhile, Iranian doctors have reported that Iraq has introduced chemical warfare into the conflict. While treating injured civilians in the north, they have observed symptoms of mustard-gas exposure, including skin lesions and lung hemorrhaging.

Iraq, which began the war in September 1980 in an attempt to overthrow the regime of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, which seemed quite vulnerable at the time, has belatedly realized that it can neither win nor afford the conflict. By threatening to destroy Iranian installations, including the Kharg Island oil terminal, Iraq hopes to push other gulf nations and oil-dependent Western countries into pressing Iran to negotiate a peace agreement.

Western diplomats believe Iraq can carry out its threat. In October, the country received from France five highly so-

PANAMA

Vanishing Act

Where has the President gone?

For a country on the brink of democracy, the announcement came as a troubling surprise. Without any forewarning, a terse official statement last week announced that Panamanian Vice President Jorge Illueca, 65, had been sworn in as President. In a televised address an hour later, Illueca delivered a speech intended to assure the citizens he would make no changes in government policy. Yet why had President Ricardo de la Espriella, 48, resigned? Mysteriously, official newspapers later made no mention of the resignation.

Such turnabouts have seemed appropriate to Panama lately. Since former Strongman General Omar Torrijos Herrera and his 13-year one-man rule were brought to an abrupt end by a plane crash in 1981, the country seems to have been playing musical executive chairs. In less than three years, Panama has had three presidents, all in office with the blessings of the military. But that could change with the presidential election scheduled for May 6, the first such election after 16 years of military-backed governments. The Reagan Administration does not view the resignation with any great alarm, encouraged that elections are still scheduled. "We have no reason to doubt that this will be done," said State Department Spokesman John Hughes, "and we are gratified."

De la Espriella, a respected former banker, tried to continue the course toward elections and democratic rule set in motion by Torrijos. But in fact, the pending election may have been what caused his departure. According to close friends, the former President was being pressured by the National Defense Forces to reorganize his Cabinet to include supporters of an official candidate. He may have stepped down rather than see the election become unfairly slanted.

If indeed De la Espriella was driven out by the National Defense Forces, it could be an indication of how reluctant the military is to relinquish the considerable influence it now enjoys over Panamanian politics. Nonetheless, Illueca has declared a "sacred commitment" to hold elections as planned, and to maintain the present course of Panama's policy, especially its support of the Contadora process, which seeks to resolve the Central American crisis. The U.S., with a military force of approximately 10,000 stationed in Panama, and responsibility for operation of the strategically vulnerable canal, can only hope that Panama itself does not become part of the crisis.



Rubble litters a street in Dezful, one of seven Iranian towns to come under Iraqi missile attack

A new round of bloodletting, amid threats from Iran of a Persian Gulf blockade.

plies of the non-Communist world passes.

The new round of violence began when Iraqi aircraft launched sudden missile and rocket attacks on seven Iranian towns, killing, according to Iran, more than 100 people. Iraq then sent its aircraft on a bombing raid over Iran's \$3.5 billion petrochemical complex at Bandar-Khomeini, on the northern tip of the Persian Gulf, and later claimed to have scored "successful and effective hits."

Iran retaliated by shelling six Iraqi border settlements and launching an air attack on the town of Baquba, 30 miles northeast of Baghdad. That, however, turned out to be only the prelude to an offensive by elements of an Iranian force of 300,000 troops massed near the border. After eleven hours of heavy fighting, the Iranians claimed to have broken through Iraqi lines 100 miles west of Baghdad. Iraq conceded that an attack had occurred but said that the Iranians had been "crushed" by a counteroffensive and were in retreat.

Until the latest attacks, both sides had generally refrained from attacking civilians. But last year, Iranian terrorists struck in Baghdad, using nail bombs to kill

phisticated Super Etendard fighter-bombers, which can be equipped with lethal Exocet missiles. The Iraqis increased the pressure earlier this month with air strikes that, they claim, sank nine "enemy naval targets" in the gulf. In response, Iran has hardened its position. Only an end to the rule of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, Iranian officials insist, will bring a settlement. Iran has threatened to close the Strait of Hormuz to all shipping if Iraq launches attacks on its oil facilities.

Western nations can do little to defuse the situation. The U.S., which at first adopted a studiously neutral position, has now tilted slightly in Iraq's favor. Still, says a senior State Department official, "we don't have a lot of leverage." The U.S. is providing Saddam Hussein with indirect economic assistance aimed at helping Iraq build new oil pipelines through Jordan and Saudi Arabia. With Iraqi ports closed to shipping because of the war, the country has been unable to keep oil exports up to the level necessary to finance the conflict. As the border heats up again, however, the U.S. is finding that its stake in the dispute exceeds its influence.



De la Espriella

World



Soldiers keep watch over civilians in an occupied town in the northern highlands

GUATEMALA

Never Mind the Tranquil Façade

Guerrillas are on the run, but human rights violations mount

For the third time in as many weeks, national security forces went on alert, surrounding Guatemala City and searching cars on highways leading into the capital. The occasion was the six-month anniversary of the Aug. 8 coup that brought General Oscar Humberto Mejía Victores to power. Although the day passed without any protest or disruption, the heightened security and the absence of any official celebration underscored the extreme uneasiness felt by the government of Central America's most populous (7.9 million) republic. As in neighboring El Salvador, a leftist insurgency poses a permanent challenge to the regime. Mejía, whose country has experienced two coups in less than two years, also worries about the intentions of his fellow military officers.

Known as the "country of eternal springtime," Guatemala appears peaceful. Late-model cars breeze along the capital's tree-lined boulevards, and restaurants draw crowds with such delicacies as imported stone crabs and tender churrasco steaks. But that façade of tranquility conceals some unpleasant facts. According to Western diplomats, the average number of violent deaths each week has increased from 150 under former President Efraín Ríos Montt to 190. Daily newspapers display incongruously cheerful pictures of students and young professionals who have "disappeared." Earlier this month an engineering student known for his leftist sympathies was shot and wounded while at work. Kidnaped from a hospital emergency room by ten armed men, he was found four days later on the outskirts of Guatemala City with 15 bullets in his body. That same day a professor of medicine was machine-gunned as he got into his car. These incidents prompted

the rector of Guatemala City's University of San Carlos to denounce "open aggression against the intelligentsia." In a report published this month, the U.S. State Department claimed that "serious human rights problems continued in Guatemala in 1983, but there were improvements in some important areas."

Despite the continuing violence, Mejía has won support because he has kept the promises he made after seizing power. The paunchy brigadier ended press censorship and abolished the secret tribunals that during Ríos Montt's 17-month rule sentenced 15 people to death for subversion and crimes against the state. He reduced value-added taxes from 10% to 7%, hoping to revive an economy plagued by 40% unemployment. Mejía has also won favor simply for being a Roman Catholic; most of his countrymen (90% of whom are Catholic) had grown uncomfortable with Ríos Montt's eccentric Protestant evangelism.

Much of the killing is linked to Mejía's success against the insurgents. The army claims to have nearly eliminated guerrilla strongholds in the northern highlands, reducing the armed resistance to 3,000 men. But Mejía's methods have come under fire from human rights groups. In a 260-page report, Manhattan-based Americas Watch, a controversial group that is often accused of being too sympathetic to the left, called Guatemala "a nation of prisoners." One of its targets

was a government plan that moved some 10,000 Indians into well-guarded compounds. The Guatemalan army notes that its security is designed to keep rebels out, not peasants in. "What they call a concentration camp," says Lieut. Colonel Edgar Domínguez, "we call a model village."

Mejía's mixed record has caused problems for the U.S. When an army patrol shot and killed a U.S.-employed linguist and three companions in February 1983, Ambassador Frederic L. Chapin asked Mejía, who was then Ríos Montt's Defense Minister, for an explanation. But none of Mejía's responses were satisfactory. Then in November two more linguists working on a U.S. AID program were found burned to death on a rural highway. The Guatemalan government called it a highway accident, but the U.S. embassy suspected that some members of government security forces, who routinely consider educators to be radicals, were responsible. Chapin will leave his post by the end of this month; his colleagues say that he has long felt frustrated and ineffective in his dealings with Mejía.

The latest State Department report holds Guatemala's security forces responsible for some of the arbitrary deaths and disappearances; it also accuses them of torturing suspects. Nonetheless, the Reagan Administration last month approved the sale of helicopter parts worth \$6.4 million to the Guatemalan army, even though Congress last November voted to continue denying military aid to Guatemala because of human rights violations.

Mejía has promised to hold elections for a new constituent assembly in July, to be followed by presidential elections in July 1985. But some Guatemalans doubt Mejía's commitment to democracy. He has fragmented an already weak opposition by allowing minor civic committees to compete with existing political parties. He also abolished the Council of State, a relatively ineffectual body that had the merit of including representatives of the country's 4.7 million Indians. Says Christian Democratic Leader Vinicio Cerezo Arévalo: "The military can accept the democratic process, but not the loss of power."

Meanwhile, Mejía imposed early retirement on all army officers who had served in the high command in previous governments or been out of active duty for more than five years. In one stroke, he reduced any potential challenge from ten generals and 25 colonels. If nothing else, Mejía is determined to avoid leaving office the same way he entered.

—By Laura López,
Reported by John Burnett and David DeVoss/
Guatemala City



Mejía: a mixed record

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The MacArthur Foundation makes its grants and defends a suit

Harvard Biologist Matthew Meselson, 53, has been embroiled in bitter controversy ever since he suggested last spring that the "yellow rain" in Southeast Asia, which the State Department claims is biochemical weaponry used by the Soviet Union, is actually bee droppings. Last week, as the beleaguered Meselson sat dictating letters requesting \$700 from the Harvard administration to help fund his work, the phone rang. An official of the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation in Chicago informed him that he had been chosen to receive a five-year, no-strings \$256,000 award. Meselson covered the mouthpiece and gleefully exclaimed to his secretary, "Money!"

Money, indeed. The award was one of 22 announced last week, ranging from \$128,000 to \$300,000, depending on the recipient's age. Since 1981 the MacArthur Foundation—a \$1 billion fund established by an insurance tycoon—has bestowed such largesse on scholars and artists in order to give them creative freedom. The current list of winners indicates that the foundation has begun to pay some attention to one of the persistent criticisms of its selections: that they have been too male, too white and too academic. The new fellows include four women (one of them black) and seven nonacademics, among them two

visual artists, a Hispanic community organizer, an ornithologist and a Roman Catholic priest.

They also include the youngest MacArthur winner ever: David Stuart, 18, a junior fellow at the Dumbarton Oaks library and museum in Washington, D.C., and an expert in Mayan hieroglyphics Stuart became fascinated by the

"weird carvings" when at the age of nine he accompanied his archaeologist father on a dig in Mexico. Even before graduating last year from Bethesda Chevy-Chase High School in Maryland, he had published several scholarly papers on the subject. At the opposite end of the age spectrum is Paul Kristeller, 78, a professor emeritus of philosophy at Columbia University. Ever since he ran out of funding from the National Endowment for the Humanities in 1980, Kristeller has been working without assistance on a six-volume listing of Renaissance manuscripts. MacArthur's \$300,000 grant, he says, will "improve my chance of continuing and possibly completing this project before it is too late."

"I am very happy with the selections."



Stuart with pre-Columbian hieroglyphics
Five years of creative freedom.

commented Roderick MacArthur, 63, a board member and son of the founder. He was not so happy, however, with his foundation colleagues. The day the awards were announced, MacArthur filed suit against the president and seven directors, accusing them of mismanagement of assets, conflicts of interest and excessive fee taking (all unrelated to the foundation awards). In a counterclaim, the foundation charged that John D. MacArthur had held Roderick in low regard, and produced a 1975 letter from father to son that said, "Most of your life has been wasted. You were born with a good intellect but never learned the meaning of teamwork." Despite the legal wrangling, Foundation President John Corbally remained cheerful, remarking last week, "We specialize in philanthropy and litigation."

Ideologies

A Reagan library for Stanford

Establishing a presidential library on a college campus has become almost as difficult as winning an election. Although private committees usually raise funds for the construction and the Federal Government takes care of maintenance, potential host campuses and communities have rejected the libraries on all sorts of grounds. Cambridge, Mass., effectively blocked a Kennedy library at Harvard because the city feared too much traffic. After heated debate, Duke University in North Carolina decided it did not want to erect a memorial to its law school alumnus Richard

Nixon (the library is being built in San Clemente, Calif.). Nowhere have battle lines been more sharply drawn than at California's Stanford University, where after months of controversy and negotiation, the trustees last week approved a Ronald Reagan library and museum.

The proposal for a Reagan library got caught in a crossfire between the largely liberal Stanford faculty and the predominantly conservative Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, a semi-independent research facility of 70 fellows located on the Palo Alto campus. The Institution was founded in 1919 with \$50,000 from Stanford Alumnus Herbert Hoover. Its charter: to study the forces of modern economic and political change. Since 1959, when Economist Glenn Campbell was appointed director and the institution enlarged its mission to "protect the American way of life," it has developed a reputation as one of the nation's leading conservative think tanks. In 1975 Reagan gave his California gubernatorial papers to Hoover and became an honorary fellow. No fewer than 40 experts connected with Hoover, including Economists Milton Friedman and Martin Anderson, have served with the Reagan Administration. Thus it was only natural for Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese to consider Stanford and the Hoover Institution as a possible site for a Reagan library.

What really set off ideological alarms at Stanford, however, was the inclusion not only of a library and museum but of a public policy center to be administered by Hoover. Last spring, 84 of Stanford's 1,200-member faculty and 1,500 of its 12,000 students signed a petition demanding an inquiry into the relationship between Hoover and Stanford. Said Political Science Professor John Manley: "The problem with the Hoover Institution is that it engages in political activities that call into question the neutrality of the university." Two months ago, the Stanford faculty senate voted unanimously in favor of requiring the proposed center to operate under "normal academic governance" (meaning that appointments would be approved by Stanford's regular academic committees). Hoover fellows made an acronym of that phrase and turned it into a taunt: "Nag, nag, nag."

Once Meese agreed to separate the policy center from the rest of the proposal, Stanford President Donald Kennedy and the trustees felt free to approve the library and museum. But the dispute is not over. Next month the trustees will return to the issue of the policy center, a matter bound to strain further the relationship between Stanford and Hoover. Says William Kimball, president of the university's board of trustees: "There's a lack of understanding on both sides." But speaking for the board, he adds, "What we really wanted was the museum and the library, and we got them."



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NEWS THAT HITS HOME



CANADIAN MIST



CANADA AT ITS BEST.

LIGHT, SMOOTH, MELLOW.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT GAMBALDI LAKE, CANADA

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Science



Drawing of Venus' apparently active Beta region, based on radar mapping

Signs of an Angry Goddess

Scientists report indications of volcanic activity on Venus

Even though it is named for the mythic goddess of love, there is nothing very fetching about the planet Venus. It is veiled in a dense atmosphere of carbon dioxide, laced with corrosive clouds of sulfuric acid, and its surface temperatures hover around 900° F. Liquid water, if it ever existed, has long since vanished. Nothing, not even the hardiest microbes, could survive for long in this cauldron.

Yet Venus, the second planet from the sun (Mercury is closest), shares significant characteristics with its neighbor, earth. It is nearly the same size and density, and by astronomy's vast measures, is a similar distance from the sun (67 million miles vs. 93 million for the earth). Now it appears that Venus resembles the earth in still another way. Scientists announced last week that Venus seems to be pockmarked with giant volcanoes, at least one of which erupted as recently as five years ago.

The evidence comes from a remarkable automated observatory called Pioneer Venus. Since late in 1978 the 810-lb. machine has been circling Venus, probing it with a battery of instruments, including radar. The devices, said Pioneer Venus scientists meeting at NASA's Ames Research Center near Mountain View, Calif., have revealed that under Venus' clouds is a landscape almost as dramatic as the earth's: sprawling plateaus, mountains as high as Everest and great chasms similar to terrestrial rift valleys.

Analyzing data from Pioneer's ultraviolet spectrometer, the University of Colorado's Larry Esposito found that 1978 sulfur dioxide levels in the Venusian atmosphere were 50 times as high as expected. Since then, the sulfur dioxide lev-

els have been slowly tapering off, just as they drop after a major volcanic eruption on earth. Another investigator, Fred Scarf of TRW Inc., the spacecraft's builders, disclosed that an on-board instrument called a plasma-wave detector had recorded repeated lightning discharges over two mountain regions. On earth, such electrical activity commonly accompanies volcanic outbursts.

Still more tantalizing, the lightning was detected above two mountainous regions called Beta and Atla, which sit astride the Venusian equator. These areas appear to be supported by younger, denser rock, a characteristic of terrestrial volcanoes. (Intriguingly, this was deduced from precise tracking of the spacecraft. When it dipped ever so slightly over certain areas of Venus, the scientists concluded that it was flying over denser regions that exerted a greater gravitational tug on the ship.) In addition, radar reconnaissance showed material radiating from Beta that looked uncannily like recent lava flows.

The researchers are elated about their long-distance snooping, but not simply for scholarly reasons. They note that a planet like Venus provides a real-life laboratory for understanding such essential questions as global weather patterns and the spread of acid rain, whose most corrosive ingredient is sulfur dioxide. Venus is also valuable for studying the buildup of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, which increases global temperatures. Says the U.S. Geological Survey's Harold Masursky of the latest Venus findings: "These are not just nice things to know. They may be vital to our survival."

It's a Geep

Crossbreeding goats and sheep

It looks like a zookeeper's prank: a goat dressed in a sweater of angora. But the odd-looking creature that appeared on the cover of the journal *Nature* last week is no joke. The animal is a crossbreed of two entirely different species, a goat and a sheep. Inevitably, it has been dubbed a geep.

Now 18 months old and thriving, the geep was produced by the latest tricks of embryo manipulation. Scientists at the Institute of Animal Physiology in Cambridge, England, mingled new embryos from both sheep and goats when each consisted of no more than four to eight cells. Ultimately, these were placed in the wombs of surrogate sheep or goat mothers and allowed to grow to term. Such hybrids are called chimeras (after the mythic monster with a lion's head, goat's body and serpent's tail).

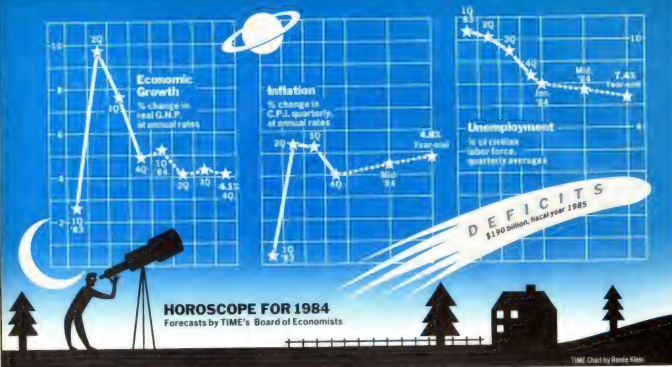
Because each embryo came originally from the fertilized eggs of both a goat and a sheep, the animals had four parents. The Cambridge experimenters produced a total of six animals with characteristics of both sheep and goats. Only one of them, however, had blood proteins from both species. That animal behaves like a goat and has even tried mating with female goats, but like another hybrid, the mule, its sperm are defective. At Justus-Liebig University in Giessen, West Germany, other embryo manipulators also reported producing goat-sheep.

Though such experimenting is sure to trigger debate, scientists point to practical benefits: it should make it easier to rear embryos of endangered species in the wombs of other species or even create hybrids as valuable as the indomitable mule. ■



Cambridge's hybrid creature

Horns, long hair and four parents.



Economy & Business

Still Sighting Favorable Signs

TIME's Board of Economists expects slower growth but no new slump in '84

From the start, the rebound from the grinding 1981-82 recession has been filled with sharp surprises. First the recovery took off far more powerfully than nearly all experts had expected. Now the prospect of further giant federal deficits is raising fears that the upturn may abruptly end. Such concerns have sent the Dow Jones industrial average plummeting 110 points in the past month. At a meeting last week in Manhattan, the members of TIME's Board of Economists foresaw continued growth this year, but predicted that the recovery's pace would slow. Said Walter Heller, who was chief economic adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson: "The expansion won't peter out, but it will peter down."

The board expects the slowdown to continue right through the presidential election. Members look for the annual growth rate of the gross national product to fall from 5.2% in the first quarter to 4.1% in the fourth, with 4.5% expansion for the year.

The major cause of concern for TIME's board was President Reagan's budget, which Heller called "the most reckless in modern history." According to estimates

by board members, there will be annual deficits of close to \$200 billion during at least the next three years. Such shortfalls threaten to drive up interest rates and eventually abort the recovery. Board Member Charles Schultze, a Brookings Institution senior fellow, who was unable to attend the meeting because of bad weather on the East Coast, said in an interview afterward: "These deficits will do damage to investment and long-run growth. They will hurt housing, business investment, exports and American industries that compete with imports."

For now, however, the economy remains upward bound. Said Alan Greenspan, a New York consultant who was President Ford's chief economic adviser: "The slowing from the peak pace of last year has been remarkably modest. And far more important, there is no evidence of imminent deterioration."

Last week brought fresh evidence that consumer spending, which fueled the first year of the recovery, continues strong. The Government reported that retail sales jumped 2.2% in January, to a record \$104.4 billion, for the best gain in eight months. Included was a healthy 1.2% in-

crease in auto sales. Consumers showed their confidence last December by adding an unprecedented \$6.6 billion to their debt. Moreover, Americans' personal income last month rose 1.1%.

Capital investment has traditionally been the driving force in the second year of a recovery, and TIME's board was confident it is assuming that role again. Heller found the Commerce Department's forecast of a strong 9.9% increase in 1984 business capital spending too low and suggested that the actual rate will be closer to 14%. Greenspan cautioned, however, that most of the investment has been going for items like computers rather than for factories that are financed by expensive long-term borrowing. He called outlays for new plants "dead in the water."

The capital-spending outlook was buttressed last week by a spate of Government indicators. One report showed that January industrial production surged 1.1%, the largest increase in four months. Factories last month ran at 79.9% of capacity, up from 79% in December. January housing starts, meanwhile, jumped 15%, to an annual rate of 1.92 million units, the highest in five years.

Another recent good economic sign is the stunning turnaround in the rate of unemployment. After climbing from 7.3% in mid-1981 to a post-World War II high of 10.7% in November 1982, joblessness has been heading downward spectacularly fast. By last month it had fallen to 8%, the quickest descent in more than 30 years. TIME's board expects that decline to level off soon, however, leaving unemployment at 7.7% this summer and 7.4% at the end of the year.

Members noted that the drop in joblessness was greatly aided by an unexplained fall in the rate at which people have been joining the work force. Said Heller: "The real surprise was that labor-force growth dropped, instead of accelerating as it usually does in a recovery." Far fewer women, in particular, are seeking jobs. Only 900,000 looked for work last year, compared with about 1.5 million annually during the late '70s. "It is interesting to speculate about the reasons for this," Heller added, "but nobody really knows why it is happening."

The board was pleased with the continued success of the fight against rising prices. "Inflation has gone through a watershed," said Heller. "I won't say we're home free, but we're in a new phase." He noted that the so-called core rate of inflation, which measures the underlying level independent of temporary factors like bad weather, has dropped from 9% in the late '70s to between 4% and 5% at present. That skid was caused by a combination of factors, including the recession, lower energy prices, the deregulation of transportation and other industries, and strong foreign competition.

Still, the TIME board was concerned about future price trends. "We are about to see the first signs of wage acceleration," warned Greenspan. With the slump over, workers are seeking to recoup some of the wage and benefit increases that they recently sacrificed. And while union members make up an estimated 16% to 17% of the labor force, their contracts traditionally have had a strong impact on general wage settlements. The bargaining talks between the United Auto Workers and Ford and General Motors, which begin this summer, could be pacesetters.

The crop damage caused by last summer's drought and this winter's freezing weather is also pushing up prices. January's Producer Price Index jumped .6%, or as much as it rose during all of 1983, a consequence of the increase in food costs. Grocery shoppers are likely to feel that for several months. Nevertheless, the board expects consumer prices to rise some 4.75% in 1984, compared with 3.8% last year. Five years ago, the U.S. price level shot up 13.3%.

The board also feared that the U.S. dollar, which has been at very lofty levels for months, could come down too fast. The currency, under pressure partly because of a record \$69.4 billion U.S. trade deficit for 1983, was worth 2.68 West German marks last week, compared with 2.82

Is the Bull Market Over?

Shaken by skidding prices and economic misgivings, many investors are wondering whether the bull market, which saw the Dow Jones industrial average go from 776.92 on Aug. 12, 1982, to 1287.20 on Nov. 29, 1983, has run its course. Last week the Dow Jones closed at 1148.87. Says Leon Cooperman, chairman of the investment-policy committee for the Wall Street firm of Goldman, Sachs and a guest at last week's meeting of the TIME Board of Economists: "Unless we deal with the budget deficit and can get lower interest rates, the odds are that the bull market is over."

Cooperman maintains that investment managers "move between greed and fear." Until recently, he said, "greed had outdistanced fear." Reason: "I think people believed that interest rates were going to decline." But then President Reagan's budget convinced investors that deficits will remain huge and help push the cost of borrowing higher. To frightened stock-fund managers, that signaled not only slower economic growth but, more important to them, brisker competition from the markets for bonds and other interest-paying investments.

To be sure, it has been quite a rally. The latest running of the bulls, says



Wall Street's Cooperman: "I think people are through overlooking the deficit problem."

Cooperman, has "substantially outpaced any market rise in the postwar period." The rate of increase in the first nine months was about 2½ times as great as the postwar average.

Cooperman feels that the rally has been displaying signs of age for almost six months. Investors, fretting that the recovery's "sweet spot," or most vigorous phase, had already passed, were becoming less eager to buy. Wall Street was also growing fussy about corporate profits, which traditionally serve as benchmarks for prices. Says Cooperman: "Stocks have been performing in a mediocre manner when earnings were as expected. They performed poorly when earnings were only modestly below target. And they have been devastated when profits were significantly off the mark." Even IBM, despite record 1983 income and good prospects for this year, has seen its stock value slide. While IBM stood at 134½ last Oct. 10, it closed last week at 109½.

Many portfolio managers, meanwhile, have been concluding that stocks are overpriced in relation to investments like bonds and have begun to dispose of some holdings to trim their risk. Cooperman noted that stock mutual funds now have just 7.3% of their assets in cash, compared with 12% in August 1982. The low current figure suggests to Cooperman that the funds are almost fully invested and will now be taking money out of stocks.

The Goldman, Sachs strategist believes Congress and the Administration would have to move to slash some \$50 billion from the roughly \$200 billion federal deficit to reignite the market rally. His opinion: "I think people are through overlooking the deficit problem." For now, Cooperman expects the Dow Jones average to dip as low as 1050 before the current decline ends. That drop would represent a nearly 20% fall from the indicator's November peak. Says Cooperman: "That would not be unusual in the context of a bull market correction."

Economy & Business

in mid-January. Said Rimmer de Vries, chief international economist for Morgan Guaranty Trust: "I would say, basically, that the dollar has peaked."

De Vries expects it to slide some 5% to 10% this year. A much faster decline, however, could cause extensive problems for the U.S. and the rest of the world. While it would help American industries that must compete with foreign goods, and thus narrow the alarming trade deficit, too rapid a fall would hurt the battle against inflation. Each 10% drop in the dollar's exchange value could raise the U.S. price level by as much as 1.5 percentage points by boosting the cost of imports. A panicky flight of foreign investment would also result in higher interest rates. The large inflows of capital from abroad have been helping to keep American borrowing costs down.

A collapsing dollar could harm other countries too. The strong U.S. currency makes imported goods cheap and thus stimulates the economies of foreign nations. Their sales to the U.S. of everything from Japanese watches to French wines are the basis for the widening U.S. trade gap. Said De Vries: "Our trade deficit is a tonic to the rest of the world. So, thinking from that point of view, it has been very constructive to have a trade deficit and a strong dollar."

De Vries added that the powerful U.S. currency, which remains strongest against West European ones, has been as much a reflection of Europe's economic weakness as of America's strength. "It is basically a vote of confidence for the U.S. and a vote against Europe," he said. "I don't think anybody has a great deal of confidence in a European recovery this year. It is still very, very slow." De Vries warned that forecasts of 1984 European growth ranging from 1.5% to 2% "may be optimistic."

The board's deepest worry, however, remained the chasm between the amount of money the U.S. Government is spending and the amount it is bringing in through taxes. "The budget deficit will continue rising unless we change policy," said Board Member Alice Rivlin, a former director of the Congressional Budget Office, in an interview. To slash the deficit, Rivlin proposed steps that included a halt to cost of living boosts for most Government entitlement programs, including Social Security, and a freeze on other spending. Defense outlays might be limited to increases of 3% after adjusting for inflation. She would also levy a temporary income tax surcharge while Congress addresses the problem of fundamental tax reform.

Any solution to chronic budget deficits, however, will probably have to wait until after the November elections. Neither the Administration nor Congress at this time seems willing to face up to the deficit issue. Yet without a vigorous attack on that problem, the long-term outlook for the recovery will continue to deteriorate.

—By John Greenwald

Trustbusting Makes a Comeback

The Justice Department blocks the LTV-Republic merger

The Reagan Administration has approved some of the biggest corporate mergers in history: Du Pont and Conoco, U.S. Steel and Marathon Oil and, tentatively, Texaco and Getty. Last week, in a stunning reversal, it blocked the planned marriage of LTV and Republic Steel. Proposed in September, the deal would have created the second-largest steel company in America, behind U.S. Steel. Assistant Attorney General J. Paul McGrath, named two months ago to succeed William Baxter as the Justice Department's antitrust chief, said the merger would vio-

spending for raw materials to produce steel would be lessened. That consolidation would make U.S. firms more efficient and better able to compete against foreign steelmakers, which have captured one-fifth of the American market. Officials of LTV and Republic claimed that their merger would save \$300 million a year in operating expenses.

The Justice Department, however, questioned whether the LTV and Republic merger would bring about that much increased efficiency. It also said that the threat of foreign competition in the kinds



Plants of the two steelmakers flank the Cuyahoga River in Cleveland; Justice's McGrath

late the Clayton Act, which bans excessive concentration in any industry.

McGrath feared that LTV and Republic would dominate the market for sheet stainless steel and for hot- and cold-rolled carbon and alloy sheet steel, products used in automobiles, small appliances, ranges and refrigerators. Together, the companies would have become the largest domestic producer of those types of steel. In the area of stainless sheet, the new firm would have controlled almost half of U.S. production capacity. Said McGrath: "We concluded that the increased concentration would be unacceptably high."

McGrath's position cast doubt over an even bigger steel merger. Three weeks ago, U.S. Steel announced the takeover of National Steel, which would have combined the largest and seventh-largest companies. Steel officials in recent months have been predicting that the business was about to undergo a series of such mergers, which would reduce the number of major steel producers from eight to as few as three. Executives contend that by combining resources, fewer rank-and-file steelworkers and middle managers would be needed, excess capacity would be reduced, and

of steel most affected by the merger was not great enough to overcome the risks of domestic collusion to increase steel prices. Import quotas, plus voluntary export restraints by European and Japanese producers, which the industry has been demanding, have already reduced foreign competition.

The protection from imports that steelmakers have won greatly weakened their position with the Justice Department. Even former Antitrust Chief Baxter, now a law professor at Stanford, agreed. Said he last week: "The steel companies can't have it both ways. They can't have protectionism on the U.S. market and then expect to be judged on merger questions as if they operated in a free world market."

Stunned industry leaders appeared at a loss as to what to do next. Said LTV Spokesman Julian Schoer: "We had no contingency plans. We expected to get approval." McGrath held out a slim hope that the Justice Department might approve moves short of merger, such as swapping plants or joint raw material purchases. But that is a long way from the corporate marriage that LTV and Republic wanted.

High-Tech Sting

Taking the low road to China

When the four men and one woman strolled out of an office building in Shrewsbury, N.J., near New York City, they thought they had just wrapped up a \$1.25 million business deal. Instead, they had stumbled into a trap. Twenty U.S. customs agents surrounded and handcuffed the five. The charge: conspiring to smuggle classified, high-technology military equipment to China.

The sting was part of Operation Exodus, an effort led by the Customs Service to stem the illicit export of defense-related technology. In this case, an undercover agent had posed as a defense-equipment broker and rented a New Jersey office as a front. The defendants, meeting with the agent in his office and unaware that hidden cameras were taping the session, offered to buy 100 transverse-wave-tube amplifiers, which are used in missile guidance systems, for \$12,500 each. In addition, the suspects gave the agent a \$1 billion shopping list of computers and other advanced electronic equipment.

The defendants include three U.S. citizens of Chinese descent: Kuang-shin Lin, 38, of Lincroft, N.J.; Kwong Allen Yeung, 34, of Cortland, N.Y.; and David Tsai, 30, of New York City. Also charged are two Hong Kong residents: Da-chuan Zheng, 41, and his sister-in-law Jing-li Zhang, 33.

Three months ago, the Customs Service got a tip from a defense industry firm in Los Angeles that Lin, a technical supervisor for AT&T Information Systems in New Jersey, had been asking about the availability of transverse-wave-tube amplifiers. Following that lead, an undercover customs agent telephoned Lin and set the sting in motion. The person who agreed to provide the money was Zheng, who is believed to be a citizen of China. The Customs Service has not publicly accused Zheng of being a Chinese government agent, but investigators privately say strong evidence points to that conclusion.

Since Operation Exodus began in 1981, the Customs Service has seized 2,851 illegal shipments of defense-related equipment worth \$177 million. The Soviet Union has been the leading destination, but U.S. officials say smuggling to China is on the rise. Ironically, the Reagan Administration loosened restrictions in November to let China buy somewhat more powerful American computers than the country was previously allowed to receive. The arrest of Zheng and his companions may indicate that Peking is far from satisfied with the products it can get through legal channels.



From cornmeal to peanuts: a Texas health official displays a variety of suspect food products

Trouble at the Grocery Store

EDB recalls leave food manufacturers fretful and watchful

Saying that it is better to "err on the side of caution," New Jersey Governor Thomas H. Kean last week ordered all boxes of Duncan Hines Deluxe Devil's Food Cake Mix bearing lot number 3116C2A removed from grocery-store shelves throughout his state. Kean's move came just 24 hours after New Jersey health officials found that a box from lot 3116C2A contained 470 parts per billion of the cancer-causing pesticide EDB, roughly three times the recommended federal limit. The Governor urged consumers who found boxes at home bearing the suspect number to "return them to stores or discard them."

Last week, as EDB alerts continued to roll across the U.S., food manufacturers feared that the pesticide scare could decimate sales of their products. Environmental Protection Agency officials said that high levels of the chemical had been detected in at least some of the products of most major food manufacturers in the U.S. Some states, like New Jersey, recalled contaminated baking mixes and destroyed tainted oranges, while others, such as Texas and Ohio, adopted federal guidelines. Massachusetts imposed more stringent standards than those handed down by Washington. It is estimated that this will add \$100 million to the \$1.1 billion that consumers in that state spend annually on baked goods and grain products. At least ten states opted, for the moment, to do nothing at all.

The statistics did little to cheer Procter & Gamble, whose 30-year-old Duncan Hines line was being hit particularly hard. Two days after the New Jersey warning, company officials recalled Duncan Hines blueberry mix, lot number 3294W4, from stores in Iowa. At Procter & Gamble's Cincinnati headquarters, executives complained that Duncan Hines was getting an

unfairly large share of media attention. Said Spokesman Patrick Hayes: "EDB does not represent a health hazard. There is certainly no emergency in the foods currently in distribution." Procter & Gamble has removed mixes containing more than 150 p.p.b. from all its warehouses, and swept those same products off grocery-store shelves in all 50 states.

Procter & Gamble was far from the only company caught in the EDB scare. Last week Quaker Oats learned that South Carolina had found its Flako corn-muffin mix had more EDB than federal guidelines permit. "We're not happy about it," said Ron Bottrell, a worried Quaker Oats spokesman. "This was our first product to be found out of compliance anywhere." In Ohio, Minnesota and North Dakota, General Mills voluntarily took Bisquick off the shelves, while South Carolina and Alabama recalled the company's Betty Crocker white-cake mixes. To answer questions from confused consumers, General Mills set up 13 telephone hot lines in several states. When New York officials discovered that lot 3297-D of Borden's Cracker Jack Extra Fresh Popping Corn had an excessive amount of EDB, the company recalled it.

If states begin to adopt lower EDB levels, producers could be forced to increase the cost of their products because of the added expense of cleansing the pesticide from their flour. Massachusetts, for example, next month may reduce its current 10-p.p.b. level in baking mixes to 1 p.p.b. Those new standards could eliminate all baking mixes and flour from that state's shelves, according to Howard Holmes, president of Chelsea Milling, which markets Jiffy baking mixes. Says Holmes: "The crops are in now, and they were all fumigated with EDB. There'll be no new crops until late summer. We have to use what we have."



Defendant Lin

Hoping to Clone Some Profits

After a slow start, bioengineering products head for the market

Since its founding nearly a decade ago, the biotechnology industry has become expert at cloning genes, but it has not cloned many profits. Despite investments in research and development that have exceeded \$2 billion, only a handful of marketable products have emerged from the laboratory. But 1984 may be the year when biotechnology begins to live up to its vaunted potential. A number of new products are working their way through the arduous testing process. Some of the most promising substances that researchers hope will soon reach the market: a human growth hormone that combats dwarfism, a protein that may stop heart attacks in progress, substances that diagnose sexually transmitted diseases like herpes, drugs for treating AIDS, and a form of interferon that can be used on several types of cancer.

To keep the cash flowing until their products pay off, many biotechnology companies have been looking for fresh capital infusions and alliances with big chemical and pharmaceutical manufacturers. Cytogen (fiscal 1983 revenues: \$383,000), a small Princeton, N.J., firm, for example, has developed a kit for diagnosing gonorrhea. But it sold the technology to Health Care Manufacturer Becton Dickinson of Paramus, N.J., which will actually make the product.

Such arrangements can be perilous for small companies because they limit future profits. One of the first big drug firms to license gene-splicing technology was Eli Lilly (1983 sales: \$3 billion). Now it has assembled its own team of scientists and is rushing to develop a hormone that stimulates milk production in cows. Says Earl B. Herr Jr., president of its research laboratories: "If you're in a horse race, you have to win. The first company in the market will grab a big share, and each guy that comes later will grab a smaller one."

One young company doing all it can to go it alone is Molecular Genetics (1983 revenues: \$6.9 million). Founded by two University of Minnesota professors five years ago, it has limited entangling alliances by searching for products it can develop by itself. In December it introduced in the U.S. a treatment for scours, an often fatal diarrheal infection in newborn calves. Some 25,000 doses of the substance have already been ordered, and the firm expects that it will generate sales of more than \$1 million during the first three months of 1984. Says Company President and Co-Founder Franklin Pass: "This could be the second largest medicine in the world for animal sickness

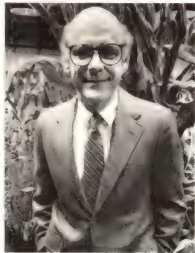


Genentech Co-Founder Robert Swanson with vials of Interferon

after foot-and-mouth-disease vaccines."

Not every new product immediately finds a big market. In July, Eli Lilly began U.S. commercial production of synthetic human insulin. The drug, Humulin, has about the same effects as conventional insulin and costs just as much or more (about 50¢ a dose). Nonetheless, Eli Lilly still has hopes for major sales.

Genentech (est. 1983 revenues: \$45 million), one of the industry founders, remains the model for other gene-splicing



Molecular Genetics President Franklin Pass
Orders for 25,000 doses to cure sick calves.

firms. Started in 1976, the South San Francisco firm now employs 110 Ph.D.s. This year the company hopes to put on the market a human growth hormone that is said to enable abnormally small children to develop as large as normal ones. It also expects to have two breakthrough products in human evaluation tests: a gamma interferon designed to inhibit the growth of cancer cells as well as stimulate the immune system, and t-PA, a product that is said to dissolve blood clots and might stop heart attacks in progress. In the field-testing stage is an interferon that can treat respiratory diseases in cattle.

Some other industry pioneers have not fared as well. Despite revenues of \$28.8 million in 1983, Berkeley-based Cetus has been foundering. "It's a beached whale," says Analyst Scott King of San Francisco's Montgomery Securities. He maintains that the company went off in too many directions and spread its resources too thin. President Robert Fildes, a former Bristol-Myers executive who took over from Peter Farley, one of the company's founders, has sharpened Cetus' research focus. It is concentrating on products with commercial applications like substances to diagnose specific kinds of cancer.

William Bowes, one of the original Cetus backers, left and founded Amgen, in Thousand Oaks, Calif., which is developing several anti-viral medicines and a product to fight kidney disease. The firm's first marketplace success may come from a less exotic product, biologic indigo dye used to color blue jeans. It could cost \$4 per lb., only one-third as much as the chemical indigo now on the market.

Further in the future is a spectrum of products full of bright promise. Companies like California-based Hybritech are developing highly specialized diagnostic tools known as monoclonal antibodies. These are already used to detect pregnancies and certain viruses and may eventually diagnose an even wider range of diseases. Researchers at Amgen have created a protein in the lab called consensus interferon that is 20 times as potent as other interferons in fighting viruses. Another area of research, oncogenes, may one day help researchers understand the basic mechanisms of cancer.

Despite the first signs of success, bioengineering remains a risky industry. But the overall development looks good. Says Jennifer Byrne, a vice president of Medical Technology Fund, a Pennsylvania investment firm: "The technology is progressing faster than anyone expected." This year medical clinics and perhaps even some drugstores should be seeing the miracle substances produced from genetic engineering. —By Alexander L. Taylor III
Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago and Dick Thompson/San Francisco

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Sport

Something to Shout About

U.S. success at the Olympics was late coming, but it was worth savoring



If Winter Games disrupted by winter weather can still be warm, then an American skier can win the downhill and twins can finish 1-2 in the men's slalom. If, when asked what the victory means to him, Downhiller Bill Johnson says, "Millions, we're talking millions here," this is not the whole story.

Wanting to be associated with an outbreak of peace, Sarajevo opened its snowy mountain passes to the world the past two weeks and made more than a fine impression. If not for a restaurateur named Fahrudin Sahid, Olympic guests might have thought that gulling and cadging were sports entirely unknown in Yugoslavia. But when the actor Kirk Douglas brought a party of eight into Sahid's establishment, 5,400 dinars (about \$45) hardly seemed a fitting tab to present to Sparta. So Sahid made it 54,000 and requested dollars. The joint has been padlocked.

Because of Sarajevo's generous spirit, Yugoslav Skier Jure Franko's silver success in the men's giant slalom was the sweetest moment of the Games. Everyone joined in for the country's first medal ceremony in 14 winters and 60 years; a clogged Skenderija Square quivered under a press of singing children and a banner of "Olimpijski Snovi"—Olympic dreams. The next day, Franko and a pretty girl were out strolling unrecognized until he was hailed from across the street. "It's here," he said, "somewhere," patting every pocket before locating the most precious artifact in the city. And he added a little sadly, "I hope it doesn't change my life. I like it the way it is."

Though two years older than Franko, the California-born, Oregon-tempered Johnson seems younger and less reflective at 23. Since high school, he has known no home other than the next mountain town, but when asked if any part of him regrets that, he blinks and says, "No, are you kidding?" Besides parting the Alpine curtain, earning the U.S. its first downhill medal, giving the Austrians in particular the back of his skis, Johnson provided the Olympics a towheaded Joe Namath: "There's no doubt," he repeated through a blizzard of postponements. "I'm going to win."

Johnson is not held in total esteem by his associates on the ski team. His bold arrogance contrasted with the appealing wonder of Debbie Armstrong, 20, so surprised to be perched on the gold-medal stand that she could scarcely stop laugh-

ing. U.S. men and women skiers were able to share this feeling in the same Olympics for the first time. Armstrong winning the women's giant slalom. A delightful former tomboy devoted to all games, whether booting soccer balls or shooting "hoops," she concluded that skiing was her favorite sport only after a broken leg two years ago kept her from doing it. "Have fun," she said over and over. When Armstrong laughed, the Balkans had to grin. And so did Christin Cooper, who lost the race—rather, finished second. Only

momentarily did Cooper fret. "Maybe I'm not meant to win." Then she had the nicest line both of and on the Games: "You could take all the joy out of life by always wanting something to be better."

Figure skaters can only wish for a competition as clean as a clock. The complaints over judging this time ran from Canadian Gary Beacom, declaring, "We're not trained monkeys, we're human beings," to American Michael Seibert, murmuring, "It hurts when it's your only chance for an Olympic medal." Partly because of the mu-

After startling herself and the world with her giant-slalom victory, Armstrong was ecstatic



sic they skated to. Seibert and Partner Judy Blumberg finished fourth, behind two sets of Soviets and the elegant British dancers Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean.

If these two were not so smashing, someone might have wondered what a prom was doing in the middle of the Olympics, or whether there would be a cotillion at the Summer Games. Their lovely exhibition upstaged much of the serious skating ahead and showed how joyless that can be. Not the usual word applied to Scott Hamilton, 25, a happy little dynamo who looks as though he fell off a charm bracelet. Yet it fitted even him. He won the gold medal, but with a wistful shrug said he always imagined it would be "more special." A miscalculation, evidently, involving flips and salchows. Rosalynn Summers skated beautifully, perfectly in the view of one judge, and narrowly lost to the German Democratic Republic's Brooke Shields, Katarina Witt.

The Scandinavian countries fought off the Soviets and East Germans pretty well in the Nordic sports. Long and lean

Marja-Liisa Hämäläinen took a record three individual golds and a team bronze in cross-country for Finland. East and West Germans held forth generally in their luges and bobs. With \$10,000, Americans made a hot last-minute purchase, picking up Switzerland's third-fastest four-man bobsled. After a brisk paint job at a Volkswagen shop, then a tippy practice run, four happy men led by Jeff Jost rode U.S.A. I to fifth place, behind G.D.R. I, G.D.R. II, Swiss I and Swiss II, and ahead of both Russian "cigarskis." While the U.S. took less glory and spread it around better (in 1980, Speedskater Eric Heiden was the only individual champion), the Winter Games continue to be something of a match race between East Germany and the U.S.S.R. A pretty good team unto themselves, four comely East German women, especially Karin Enke and Andrea Schöne, shared most of the speedskating podiums and nine medals.

In the men's speedskating, Gaetan Boucher, winner of two golds and a bronze, led Canada in song. Counting a

silver medal won in Lake Placid (a second to Heiden, nearly as good as a gold), Boucher is the most successful Olympian in his country's history. "Keep going. I told my legs in the 1500," he said. "I started hurting at 300 meters. It was strictly guts." Canadians had invested meager hope in their hockey team, which lost 16 times in 19 exhibition games leading up to the Olympics, including 8-2 to the U.S. But Canada defeated the Americans to start the tournament, 4-2, and the bronze-medal game with Sweden was televised live nationally at 4 o'clock in the morning.

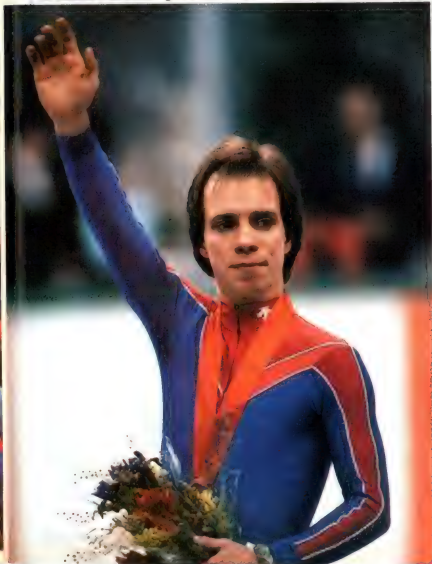
With a 7-4 victory over Poland, the U.S. closed out a 2-2-2 Olympics for a seventh-place finish, the lowest ever. "Going in, we rated ourselves in the middle," said Coach Lou Vairo. "knowing the Russians and Czechs were superior. I don't think we deserved to beat the Canadians or the Czechs, but we were not a very lucky team. On that ice, I sensed something, a strange feeling. I can't define it even now. Maybe it was just the Olympics." Incidentally, it was in relation to hockey that the subject of drugs made one of its few appearances in the Games. A sober entry in one of the official daily bulletins: "A new problem, which has arisen in connection with doping control, is under discussion. The hockey players have been drinking too much beer while waiting. Something must be done to prevent this." If a solution was found, it was not announced.

As if Austria were not pained enough, Switzerland's Michela Figini and Maria Walliser showed the way in the women's downhill run. Erika Hess, the Swiss slalom star, had no happier time than Tamara McKinney, the U.S. World Cup champion, who was fourth in the giant slalom but hooked a gate and tumbled in the slalom. "You have to take chances to win," she said. "I took one too many." On the last day of the Games, Phil Mahre, the three-time overall World Cup champion, the most accomplished skier in U.S. history, finally won his gold medal. He passed Brother Steve in the second run as the twins finished 1-2 in the slalom. As soon as Phil streamed over the finish line, he was on the walkie-talkie to his brother on the hilltop. But Steve acted too recklessly on his advice and did well to stay on the course. Still, it was a fine, fraternal way to end things.

At the Olympic Games, results are hard to keep track of because they seem incidental. Who finished third, the Finns? With a total of eight medals, four gold, the most hopeful U.S. team had the smallest yield in twelve years. But if the numbers were dim, the moments were bright, and the attitude of the least eminent athletes from the quietest sports added to that. "Up in the air, I was ecstatic. I could tell I had a good jump," cried Jeff Hastings of the U.S., still aloft after finishing fourth in the 90-meter jump. According to their own scale of accomplishments, people doing their best rejoiced. There was enough happiness in the Olympics. No need to want anything to be better.

—By Tom Callahan

The talismans of the moment—gold medal, anthem, flowers—brought a tear to Hamilton's eye





Sport

The High and Mighty

The Olympics got a jolt when three U.S. skiers came flying home



If there was anyone in Sarajevo who did not know beforehand that Bill Johnson of the U.S. was the best downhiller Mount Bjelašnica ever saw, it was not because Johnson had failed to

spread the word. He said it repeatedly during the long week of delays and training runs before the race, and he said it afterward. Is not consistency the mark of a great athlete? "Top three? I think I'll finish in the top one," he confided amiably. Outrageous, muttered the sport's moguls. World-class cockiness.

He looked a little like a young Paul Newman, this West Coast kid with the blue eyes, thin nose and mobile mouth. Ah, that mouth. . . . But he stopped talking for at least 1 min. 45.59 sec. last week. Starting sixth, wearing tasteful white-and-peach candy stripes, he took a great gulp of air, lunged out on his poles and launched himself on arm power down the 51° chute that plunges through the restaurant built atop Bjelašnica to give the downhill run the required 800-meter drop. He dropped into a textbook aerodynamic tuck, fists together in front of his face, helmet down, back parallel to the ground. "I've been winning most of the top sections," he said later, referring to unofficial split times, "so I was real smooth the first three or four turns. Then I came to the fallaway right-hander that's been giving me trouble all week. I came through at real good speed, and I just put my head down and said, 'It's a motorway from here on down . . .'" That evening Bill Johnson received the first gold medal ever awarded to an American for an Olympic downhill. He was still talking about his run, and so was everyone else.

By comparison, the women's giant-slam race could not have been more different. Did Debbie ("Who?") Armstrong boast that she was going to win the women's G.S.? Not likely. This chunky, round-faced and unknown young woman with the great grin didn't dare to think about winning even after the race was over. But she ran second behind the fine U.S. racer Christine Cooper in the first run, and after the second, fizzing with joy and unburnt energy, she had taken the gold 4 sec. ahead of Cooper, who finished with a silver. "I was so high and happy, and it was so much fun," Armstrong raved. "There I was, a few weeks ago, still worrying whether I would make the Olympic team, and here I am with a gold medal."

As if these two eye-popping wins were not enough, the final day of the Games

brought the U.S. the most satisfying result of all, a gallant 1-2 slalom finish by Phil and Steve Mahre in the final Olympic performances of their careers. It had been a wild week of ski racing, and maybe it was those crazy ski suits that gave the first hint. Nobody had ever seen anything like them: weird spirals of glowing pink and black, or yellow and orange, snaking up each leg and across the bottom—astounding, even in hindsight—and then up the trunk and down the arms. Even as the Mahres did their twin-brother act one more time, they seemed to symbolize a passing of the old order, in a mixed-up, wonderful two weeks of blizzards, postponements and splendid achievements.

Europeans may find it hard to swal-



"Top three? I'll finish in the top one!"

low, but an American newcomer whose name kept slipping out of the mind as the season began (Jim Johnson? Bill Jones?) won the most dramatic event of the Winter gambols, and all three women's race winners were known only to journalists who traveled the World Cup circuit. Armstrong was obscure, but so was Paoletta Magoni, 19, an Italian who won the slalom when half the women entered fell or missed gates in a thick fog. And Ursula Konzett, a 24-year-old Liechtensteiner, took the bronze. The only known quantity here was France's Perrine Pelen, who won the silver and, earlier, a bronze behind Armstrong and Cooper in the G.S. Four years ago, Pelen took a bronze in the G.S. at Lake Placid. But talking about 1980 only emphasizes that four years ago, Michela Figini of Switzerland, who won the gold in the downhill last week, was 13 years old. For Americans, nothing showed the passage of time more than the news

The ability to glide and stay in his airborne tuck made Johnson a winner



PHOTO BY AP/WIDE

Armstrong, in second place after the first run, decided "to just have fun" on the next and wound up the giant-slam winner

that the stalwart Cindy Nelson, 28, competing in her third Olympics with a brace on her damaged right leg, had not even entered the punishing downhill. In the G.S. she had scraped to 18th place, and it seemed likely that her career was over.

With the men, the break between old and new was not quite so sharp. Max Julien, 22, the Swiss technician who won the G.S., was not unheard of, if one followed skiing closely. And Bronze Medalist Andreas Wenzel, Hanni's brother, was a star. The big roar of applause was not for Julien or Wenzel, however. It was for Yugoslav Jure Franko, the tall, good-looking G.S. specialist who won the silver, the first medal of any kind the Yugoslavs had ever won in a Winter Olympics. The 21-year-old Franko is less well known than Yugoslav Slalom Stars Bojan Krizaj and Boris Strel, who finished ninth and fifth, but Franko's performance was no real surprise. He ranked fifth in G.S. World Cup points coming into Sarajevo. A silver won by an ordinary Yugoslav would have been a good present for the Games' hospitable hosts, but Franko is a universal favorite

who helps out journalists with intelligent interviews in several languages, serenades his friends and gracefully shrugs off compliments.

In the commotion welcoming all the talented newcomers, the ski world seemed almost to forget about the 26-year-old twins from Yakima, Wash., whose careers had proved that U.S. men skiers could beat the world. Phil had won the World Cup three years in a row, and he had taken a silver in slalom at Lake Placid. Steve had won the G.S. world championship in 1982. But in the Sarajevo G.S., these anchors of the U.S. team could do no better than eighth and 17th. They were quitting after this season, they said, and they seemed tired of skiing. Poor old men. But there was one last Olympic race, and a magnificent last hurrah it was. Steve won the first round, and Phil overtook his brother in the second. Afterward he gave one of his country-boy smiles and said, "It feels great, especially since it was the two of us."

Old heroes are unforgettable, but the young are irresistible. Bubbly, round-

faced Debbie Armstrong broke into a big, can't-hold-it-back grin as the gold medal was hung around her neck. After her second run in the G.S., she had stood waiting for Christin Cooper's time to confirm her gold or push her into second. As she realized that Cooper had just failed to beat her, she turned her head away, and her marvelously readable face registered sublime relief and joy for herself, and pain and sorrow for Cooper. The two stood together, hugging and exclaiming and making faces, until last year's overall World Cup winner, Tamara McKinney, turned in a brilliant second run that was the fastest of the heat, but narrowly failed to win a bronze. Then the three of them stood together, hugging.

No observer could doubt that the emotions they showed were real and strong, but the gurgling obscured the toughness of these athletes. Cooper's recovery from complicated leg surgery was well enough known, and Armstrong too, it turned out, had come back after harrowing crackups. She had broken her leg in practice at Schladming, Austria, two

years ago, recovered fast enough to get onto the World Cup circuit the same season, and then broke the same leg again. For part of the next season she competed wearing a specially built high ski boot to support the bad leg. Both her father, a psychologist, and her mother teach skiing part time, and she has always skied, but at Garfield High School in Seattle she was also an M.V.P. for two years in soccer and basketball. Her bubbly nature is infectious; Cooper said later, "I was behind her in the starting area, and I heard her saying to herself, 'O.K., Deb, just have a good time, have a good time, have the run of your life.' And then she turned to me and said, 'You too, Coop. Have the run of your life.' She was so hyped up it was really funny."

If everyone was delighted for Armstrong, Johnson kicked up as much frosty disdain as admiration. It began a month ago, during the running of the Lauberhorn race at Wengen, Switzerland, over a shortened course and in conditions so poor that the grand old Austrian avalanche Franz Klammer tried unsuccessfully to get the race canceled. There Johnson became the first American to win a World Cup downhill. After the race, the popular and easygoing Klammer called Johnson "a little *Nasenbohrer*"—nose picker—who had sneaked into first place by a fluke. At Sarajevo, while Johnson skied superb training runs during the week of delays caused by weather, Klammer fell and pulled a groin muscle. Johnson began calling *him* a nose picker.

The dialogue was less than brilliant, but by now, because he repeatedly said so and then proved it, Johnson was known as a good glider, excellent on straight-away courses like Sarajevo's and good on soft snow. The Austrians prefer hard-packed, twisty plunges that test turning ability. Fair enough, except that whenever Johnson met them in the Olympic village he would grin and say, "Hi, guys, it's still snowing up there."

Nor did Johnson produce the bashful, foot-suffling "I'll go out there and do my best, but the competition's tough" kind of answer that skiers are supposed to give to reporters' endless inquiries. Johnson said flatly that there was "no doubt" that he would win. The race was for second place. They may as well mail the gold medal to his house, he went on, and on Phil Mahre, a man of great modesty and foot shuffling, was clearly on Klammer's side. He called Johnson "the John McEnroe of skiing." Johnson was scarcely this bad; he didn't scream at officials, and was never anything but cheerful, even to the Austrians. In his self-delight, he gave the impression, walking quite alone, of a pair of young lovers strolling hand in hand.

After his run, he had no trouble keeping everyone's attention. At 17, he admitted, he had been in trouble for car theft, until a compassionate judge let him off to attend the Mission Ridge Ski Academy in Washington. He concentrated on downhill when he began to tour in Europe and



After a disappointing giant slalom, Phil Mahre carved out slalom gold

saw how downhillers were revered there. Off the road he divided his time between the houses of his father Wally, a computer systems analyst and sometime house-builder who lives in Van Nuys, Calif., and his mother D.B., who raced stock cars in high school and is now a contract administrator for an electronics firm near Portland, Ore. The portrait his parents give is of a bright boy who skipped two grades in school, was shy and defensive and, says his mother, got "straight A's in the classroom, but straight F's in the playground. I thought he was going to punch his way all the way through life." The now celebrated episode in which he was kicked off the U.S. ski team in 1981 for being out of condition still seems to rankle Johnson (his relations with Alpine Director Bill Marolt are clearly touchy), but his mother thinks "it was the best thing they did for him. At the time, Bill thought that he didn't have to do all the necessary training to get there."

Shortly before his own gold-medal effort, Phil Mahre said that Johnson's win "could be a good thing or it could be a di-

saster, it's all up to Billy." Like other top practitioners who have watched Johnson, Mahre says that technically he is not that good a skier, especially on hard snow. There is also the matter of his singular personality. Mahre went on: "I don't know an athlete in this village who actually likes the guy." Canadian Downhiller Todd Brooker said he did not like Johnson either, and that with his present style he could never win a demanding race like the Hahnenkamm. But he added, "You've got to give the guy credit. It's one thing to be so goddam sure of yourself and another to be absolutely right. He was definitely the best skier on the course today."

That he was, and for him the World Cup circuit stretched out far ahead. As he left Sarajevo for Copper Mountain, Colo., to train for a downhill next week, he had nothing unkind to say about anyone, not even Klammer. But, of course, he did have a breezy last word: "I could be in this game a long time now."

—By John Skow,
Reported by Gertraud Lessing and William Rademakers/Sarajevo

Sport

A Little Touch of Heaven

In figure skating, there were moments of sheer perfection



Zetra, the skating arena in Sarajevo, is a pleasant enough place. Set in a valley just below the stadium where the Olympic flame burns, it spreads like the curved wing of a dove stretched out over the snow. Inside, there are comfortable wooden seats, polite ushers and concession stands that sell chocolate and local brandy, a better fix against a winter night than popcorn and beer. Yet to hear of the doings in the figure-skating competition that took place in this outwardly cheerful spot last week was to confuse sport with war dispatches. There were hints of dark intrigue and geopolitical vote swapping. East met West, West met West, East met East, and almost all shot themselves in the foot.

The top American, Scott Hamilton, went into battle at Zetra and, feeling that he "wasn't into the ice," decided to retrench, withdrawing two triple jumps from his free-skating program. He still won the gold medal, but it was not with the dominating performance with which he wanted to cap his career. The English ice-dancing couple, Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean, gave the Winter Olympics its first utterly flawless exhibition: nine perfect marks of 6.0 from nine judges. But Gary Beacom, a Canadian skater, became so enraged over his marks from the judges that he kicked the rink-side barrier. American Ice Dancers Judy Blumberg and Michael Seibert likewise lashed out in frustration, though in words only, after seeing their hopes for a medal disappear at the whim of a single judge

and her totally bewildering scores. Meanwhile, America's ice princess, Rosalynn Summers, the reigning world champion, overplayed her penchant for femininity and had to settle for a silver medal. In pair skating, the East Germans and Soviets blasted away at each other with programs too difficult to perform without mistakes, and a blithe brother-and-sister act from the U.S. slipped in amid the carnage for a silver medal. Kitty and Peter Carruthers' second-place finish was the best by any American pair since 1952, and broke the East bloc's lock on the event. Before it was all over, no nation could claim to have judged without favor; skewed patriotism is more like it.

The clamor at Zetra follows figure skating like a pack of sequin salesmen, for of all Olympic sports, none is as intensively handicapped—some might say predetermined. The four-year cycle between the Winter Games is spent shaking down a new generation of skaters in annual world championships. By the time the Olympic flame is lit again, a pecking or-



There is generally disagreement among skating judges, but when Torvill and Dean did their free dance, it was 6's across the board

der has been created that places ruthless demands on contenders and newcomers alike. For the favorites, there is the safety of incumbency. Like heavyweight champions, they cannot lose their titles on a draw: they must be beaten. But with that status come expectations that are perhaps impossible to fulfill. Thus, after a performance that was lackluster by his exacting standards, Hamilton could finger his gold medal and say, "I look at this, and I see 16 years of my life. I've waited a long time. I didn't want it to be like this."

Newcomers, on the other hand, must wait their turn with a patience that tries both talent and dreams. The top rank is tough to crack, for the edge always goes to the headliners. Tiffany Chin, who at 16 was competing brilliantly in her first Olympics, could bask in a strong showing while cheerfully accepting the virtual impossibility of a medal. She had finished twelfth in the compulsory figures, and even with a runaway victory in the free skating while others faltered badly, a silver medal was the best she could have won. Said Chin: "I skated good figures, but the other skaters ahead of me were all estab-

lished with the judges. This is the first time they've seen me skate, and it takes a while to show them what you can do."

From all this came one performance above the fray, almost beyond belief. Torvill, 26, and Dean, 25, have carried ice dancing singlehanded from the amiable charms of the ballroom to the aesthetic splendor of ballet. Never was their vision of the sport's potential as clear as it was in this Olympian performance. Twice before in competition they had received nine 6.0 scores on their second marks for artistic impression, but at Sarajevo they added three 6.0s in the scores for composition or technical merit. They did it despite choosing music, Ravel's *Bolero*, that does not contain a change of tempo, supposedly a requirement. But to Torvill and Dean, ice dancing is much more than a Roseland medley of a dash of tango, a pinch of waltz, then up and out with some fancy polka footwork. In place of the rules, they offered an idea: music as movement, not scaffolding; skating as expression, not simply virtuosic display.

Not since the great Soviet pair of the

'60s, Ludmila and Oleg Protopopov, has anyone in skating so melded music, blades and bodies into a unified whole. Torvill and Dean performed an extended pas de deux in which difficult athletic feats are made to appear effortless, though the beat is so slow that the skaters can never build momentum. Like the music, the movements are eerily erotic and mesmerizing, and even for favorites, the program was a gamble. In winning, Torvill and Dean elevated an entire sport. Afterward, Dean brushed aside the mutters about single-tempo selection: "Maybe it's something that hasn't been done before," he said, "but that's what we're all about, trying to be inventive and to do different things. We didn't know how the music would be received, but we felt very strongly about it, and we stayed with that commitment." As the principal choreographer in the partnership, Dean was asked the source of his inspiration. With that glorious moment still glistening in the mind's eye, his reply was as simple as it was self-evident: "I'm inspired by the music. We spend a lot of time on the ice listening to the music. Simply listening."



Hamilton hoped to cap his gold-medal performance with memorable free skating, but a cold and the pressure made it less than great Scott



Skating her way to victory, Witt makes it all look simple in the short program

Blanchine himself could not have said it better.

The only other couple with similar ambitions were the Americans, Blumberg, 26, and Seibert, 24, chose to skate to Rimsky-Korsakov's lush symphonic suite *Schéherazade*. Under the tutelage of Bobby Thompson, a British coach close to Torvill and Dean, the pair had revamped their style over the past two years. In 1983 the effort paid off with a bronze medal at the World Championships. They had come to Sarajevo with real hopes for a silver, but finished in fourth place after being marked down .3 of a point below the panel's average by Italian Judge Cia Bordogna. Later she insisted that the couple's selection of classical music that could not be "danced on the floor" was the reason for her low marks, though a ballet has been choreographed to *Schéherazade*. The competition referee had advised the judges before the final evening that he had examined all the routines in practice sessions and found them acceptable under the rules. Bordogna nevertheless decided to place the Americans fourth on her

card, which put a medal out of reach. Bitterly disappointed, Blumberg and Seibert plan to retire. Said Seibert: "I still feel that what we did was important and is the right direction for ice dancing to follow. But if only Torvill and Dean can do it, then how is anybody else to climb any higher, expand the sport any further?"

Ironically, another American benefited by the couple's misfortunes. Two nights later, a different Italian judge appeared to make amends by leaping .3 of a point above the rest of the judges in her marks for Tiffany Chin in the women's short program. But then, two can play that game: the American judge bottomed out an Italian skater's average and, more egregiously, placed Katarina Witt, who won the short program with an incandescent performance, .3 of a point below the judges' average.

It was precisely the Blumberg-Seibert aggressive approach that put silver medals around the necks of the Carrutherses. For the first time in memory, or at least since the Soviets started competing in Winter Games, in 1956, there was no

commanding partnership in pairs skating. The long reigns of the Protopopovs and Irina Rodnina and her succession of partners, Sergei Ulanov and Alexander Zaitsev, had come to an end. Since Lake Placid, several pairs had taken aim at one another, among them the Carrutherses, two Soviet pairs (Elena Valova and Oleg Vasiliev, and Veronika Perzhina and Marat Akbarov) and East Germans Sabine Baess and Tassilo Thierbach. Compared with the liturgical certainty of pairs skating during the past three decades, the Sarajevo Games were a free-for-all.

The smart handicappers predicted that Kitty, 22, and Peter, 24, would win friends but not influence judges, six of whom came from Europe (three from the East bloc) and all of whom frowned on the more robust American style in pairs skating. But as happens when no confirmed champion operates from a position of strength, the Soviets and East Germans overreached themselves in technical ambition. Only Valova and Vasiliev managed to skate a short program free of bobbles. The Carrutherses, meanwhile, skimmed through the wreckage, their bloopers merely those of timing, not of standing upright. When the smoke cleared, they were tied for second going into the free skating. "Did we expect it?" Peter asked later. "Are you kidding?"

It was a golden opportunity. Make that silver. Two days later their coach, Ron Ludington, the last American pairs medalist (bronze in 1960), summed up the free skating: "I'd call that walking right through the door, wouldn't you?" Wouldn't anybody? On the big night Valova and Vasiliev held their gold-medal lead on a more difficult program. Nurtured, like the Protopopovs, in the Leningrad school, they showed its hallmarks: coolly cerebral slow passages alternating with flashy jumps and lifts. But the performance of the young Soviet pair, Larisa Selezneva and Oleg Makarov, with whom the Carrutherses were tied, was the crucial one. Though Kitty and Peter had not watched it, there are some things that are impossible to hide from, even in the basement of an ice-skating arena. Said Kitty: "We could hear the crowd, and I knew they had missed. That made me more nervous. I thought of all the hundreds of times we've skated that program in practice, doing it perfectly day after day, but then I thought, 'Oh, but this is the only one that counts.'"

With a huge American contingent cheering them on (Hamilton later referred to it as a "hockey crowd going 'Grrr, kill 'em!'", they went out to skate for the medal. "The music was so loud and the crowd was so loud that we couldn't hear," recalls Kitty. "I always count the medals [the number of revolutions in a special spin] for Peter, and nobody can tell. But this time I was just screaming them." Peter adds, "It didn't matter, though. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that we were so symmetrical, so as one, that it was as if something had taken us over and bonded us." They gave the

competition its most emotional moment, forgetting the required protocol of bowing to judges and crowd in favor of a tight embrace that lasted almost a minute at center ice. Said Kitty: "When you get every single thing you worked for and dreamed of together ... well, we just wanted to enjoy that moment together for as long as we had it."

For Katarina Witt, 18, it was a matter of gathering her efforts into a winning program, and after four years of international competition, she did it just in time to win the gold. Leggy, sexy, with a saucy smile that flirts with the camera, Witt was the prettiest champion and one of the best. Indeed, Witt may be the synthesis of artist and athlete that women's skating has so badly needed in recent years. Until her Olympic appearance, one ideal had been sacrificed to the other. But grace and athleticism are not mutually exclusive, as Witt convincingly proved. Her free-skating program was the most technically difficult of all the competitors, and included three triple jumps and a triple toe loop in combination with a double jump that she performed faultlessly in the opening seconds. With that difficult maneuver safely tucked away on the judges' scorecards, she broke into a radiant smile that never faded through a medley of mostly Gershwin songs. Here, too, she taught the others a lesson, for rather than self-consciously choosing one approach or the other, she simply skated as the music demanded: lyrical to a love song, witty with a Broadway toe-tapper, intelligent and expressive in every mood and movement.

In Witt, the arguments ended, for here was a skater of both athletic power and aesthetic sensibility. She has a natural fizz that makes the efforts of most others look labored. In fact her coach, Jutta Müller, is a stern drillmaster who is accustomed to Olympic triumph: her daughter Gabriele Seyfert took the silver medal in 1968, and Anett Poetzsch, another pupil, was the Lake Placid gold medalist.

Among the Americans, Elaine Zayak, 18, dropped quickly out of contention with a weak showing in the school figures. Though she had no hope of a medal, Zayak refused to hang her head. She turned in a charming short program that scored higher on technical difficulty than did Sumners', and in the free skating, she put on perhaps the best performance of her life, cleanly landing four triples, including one in a combination with two other jumps. Her farewell was an emotionally satisfying slam dunk in her critics' faces, and earned admiration for her tenacious spirit.

Chin was already widely touted as the winner in 1988. Small and fragile-looking, she skates with elegant ease and has some of Witt's knack of making the Axels and the Salchows look simple. She was the crowd's favorite, swirling and swooping through a move she has patented as the "Chin spin": stretching out to brush the ice with one hand while she whirls with one leg fully extended. After finishing sec-



Hoping for a bronze in the pairs, the Carruthers soared to new heights, earning a silver

ond overall in the combined short and long programs, she is no longer a comet, but the star of a new generation.

For U.S. Champion Rosalynn Sumners, 19, finishing second was a disappointment. In pursuit of victory, she and her coach banked everything on cultivating a delicate image of femininity. She covered that bet with a triple jump in her free-skating program, but her style has turned increasingly cloying, and looked weak in comparison with Witt's exuberantly physical approach. Though she skated cleanly and with marvelous style (an Italian judge gave her a 6.0 for artistic impression), her program contained but one triple jump in combination with another jump. That proved crucial, because it was precisely triple combinations that had pushed Witt's technical marks beyond reach. She had been scheduled to perform others but Sumners failed to pull them off, and with that she lost the gold. "I let up a little too soon," she said. "I didn't push myself far enough."

Even in triumph, Hamilton had something of a letdown too. He had hoped

for a transcendent performance. He likes to call his style "apple pies and Chevrolts," and it is the quintessence of the clear, fast American approach to the sport. Along with Torvill and Dean, he was the overwhelming favorite of the Olympics. He was on top of his sport and all the hoopla that surrounds it through 17 straight competitions, stretching back to September 1980. Graceful under pressure, unfailingly helpful and generous to younger skaters, he is perhaps the most popular champion in modern skating history. He glided through the compulsory figures in first place, but then, in his short and long programs, left fans bewildered by committing the most obvious errors that anyone had seen since he took over as World Champion in 1981. Meanwhile, Canadian Brian Orser was afire, popping off five of the seven possible triple jumps in his long program to win the silver medal. Hamilton went up for two triple jumps, realized in mid-air that they did not feel right and converted them into doubles. Said the barricade kicker, Gary Beacom: "Scotty always skates a clean program."

For him to miss two moves is a disaster."

Such are the standards Hamilton has set for himself. Yet there are some things that are beyond even a champion's control, and others have arrived at the big moment tired and sick. If ABC color commentator Peggy Fleming sounded sympathetic in her coverage of Hamilton, the reason is that she has been there too. In 1968, nervous and with a sore throat, she faltered in her long program and burst out crying at the end. Like Scott she won her gold medal in the school figures.

Hamilton had developed a cold and ear infection in Sarajevo. Though he re-

fused to blame his curtailed performance on the illness, close observers noticed its effects. Several practices had been marred by an imperfect sense of balance, and in competition Hamilton, who is a classic skating technician, was off the proper axis in his jumps. The ideal jump is a typical Hamilton jump: straight up, the body spinning perfectly upright, not tilted off that central axis either front to back or side to side. But in Sarajevo, that textbook technique was tilted, and it cost him the triple jumps, the flawless program that would have ratified the accomplishments of the past four years.

Nothing was wrong with his theatrical instincts, however. After the playing of the *Star-Spangled Banner* at the medal ceremony, Hamilton grabbed an American flag and skated an exhilarating victory lap around the arena with it. When it was all over, Hamilton reflected, "The whole last four years have been for this night. I've worked so hard, trained so hard, waited so long. I wanted it to be special. I wanted my greatest program. It wasn't my best, but I did it. I came here to win the gold medal. Maybe it wasn't pretty, but I did it. I feel like I just fell off the edge of the world."

—By B.J. Phillips

The Joy of Taking Part

Beyond the satisfaction of a hard-fought victory, the stirring sound of national anthems and the glint of the medals, there is something more to an Olympics, a warming sense best displayed by the athletes who have no hope of placing in the top three, perhaps even the top 30, but nonetheless go home winners.

When Bonny came sliding home

Bonny Warner, 21, a U.S. luge racer, crashed in her third run and skidded agonizingly to the finish. "Until then I was in eighth place," she said proudly, ahead of the two kindly West Germans who had taught her from scratch since she first observed a luge race in 1980. Her left side was scraped raw ("my Olympic souvenir"), but none of her enthusiasm rubbed off. "The Olympics haven't just been all that I hoped, they're more. Maybe the American luge team didn't win any medals, but medals aren't what the Olympics are all about. We're cracking the top ten, and that's nice." A few days ago, a Yugoslav said to her, "Think of it, you're the 15th best in the whole world." Think of it.

"The people, they all gone"

When the best Yugoslav ski jumper, Primoz Ulaga, 21, took his turn on the 70-meter sliding board, the pines of Malo Polje seemed outnumbered by fans. The hills echoed with "U-lah-gah, U-lah-gah," probably the loudest timpani in all the long history of men and banana peels. The amazing noise brought Ulaga out of the chute splendidly, but the track's icy grooves were too narrow to contain such enthusiasm. Backing up in mid-air like a duck in the path of buckshot, Ulaga flapped in every direction until he put down gracefully 100 ft. short of expectation. "One leg go like this, one leg go like that," he said, "and the people, they all gone." It was an Olympic record for clearing a forest. As the home crowd headed back to Sarajevo, whistling derisively, Ulaga said, "You are man, you are not machine, you can make mistakes. They shouldn't have left. In the spirit of the Olympics, they should have stayed to watch the others."

Ice-cream cones in the freeze

Demonstrating his passion for cold, Lamine Gueye, 23, an Alpine skier from sub-Saharan Africa who went on from water skiing after moving to Paris, was standing outside on the bitterest day of the Games eating two ice-cream cones at once. As the one-man Olympic team from Senegal, he suffers

people's curiosity with a pleasant shrug. "I'm black and I'm a ski racer and I'm Senegalese and I'm tall, but I wish that I could just be a ski racer. I'm crazy about the downhill," he said. "It's a great feeling." Gueye finished 51st.

Ms. Flying Golden Snow

"I'm proud to represent my country," said Chinese Alpine skier Wang Guizhen, 23. "Our level is not high, but I took part in the Lake Placid Games and I feel we've made some progress." Well, some... She placed 18th in the 1980 giant slalom, but tangled with a gate in the first run at Sarajevo and was disqualified. Said Jin Xuefei, 20, also on the Chinese women's team (her name means "flying golden snow"): "Our aim at the Olympics is to study athletes from other countries, especially the American women." What of the future? The young women smiled. "Time," they say in unison, "drills holes in stones."

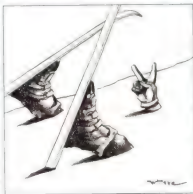
Subtropical bobsledding

They saw their first bobsled race, on television, during the Innsbruck Games in 1976—and they were hooked. Bobsledding on Taiwan? On a subtropical island? "People stare at us a lot," says one Taiwanese delegate. Undeterred, Wu Chung-chou, 27, and his brother Wu Dien-cheng, 25, keep in shape running and lifting weights and come to race in key European competitions. Their major complaint: lack of up-to-date equipment. They drive an old Italian-made two-man sled. "The equipment of all

the participants should be the same," said the younger Wu. "But for a country without a bobsled course we are content with our results." They placed 26th out of 27.

From the cave to the slopes

Speaking as the only Egyptian entrant, Jamil el Reedy said, "I was a little bummed out that I fell in the giant slalom, but that's O.K." Born in Cairo, raised in Plattsburgh, N.Y., El Reedy, 18, prepared mentally for the Games by following his father's wishes and holing up in a desert cave for 40 days. No one on Bjelašnica had a more intimate knowledge of scorpions. "When I got here, I expected a lot more 'Look at him' stuff from the others. But instead they've all been helping me. 'Look out for this bump.' 'Make sure you get low there.'" El Reedy was sent off last in the downhill. "They are worried about a crackup from behind," he smiled. He wiped out more spectacularly than ever, but climbed back up on his skis wonderfully to finish—some two minutes behind Bill Johnson. "I'll try again in 1988," El Reedy promised. "The Olympics brings people together. It's a short-term peace."



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Huggings and Muggings

MAYOR by Edward I. Koch; Simon & Schuster; 364 pages; \$17.95

Most elected officials maintain an image. New York City's mayor Ed Koch flaunts a style: confident, snappish, moralistic and salty as a delicatessen waiter's banter. For better or worse, he has come to symbolize the world's one-dimensional view of a New Yorker: an abrasive pavement-pounder who is allergic to trees. Koch obliged this perception after taking over Gracie Mansion in 1977; he kept his small apartment in Greenwich Village as a weekend retreat. He was not being cute; those who have followed the mayor's career should now realize that his biggest indulgence is just being himself. As he sees it: "I am an ordinary guy with special abilities. But I want the things that the average person wants. And so I do the things that the average New Yorker would do if he or she were the mayor."

Such as publishing a book that enhances one's self and diminishes one's enemies. Or, better yet, enhances one's self by diminishing one's enemies. *Mayor: An Autobiography* reads like the morning after a night of the long knives—smart, ebullient, witty, vengeful and damaging. Who can ever again think of Bella Abzug without remembering Koch's cruel wisecrack? Asked why Abzug lost her home district in a 1972 congressional primary, he replied, "Her neighbors know her."

His hit list now contains dozens of former city officials, like his one-time deputy mayor Herman Badillo ("You worry about Herman because even when he is your friend he can do terrible things"), and a legion of rivals and hecklers Koch dismisses as "wackos." Other targets include former New York Governor Hugh Carey ("One simply doesn't understand what he says") and Jimmy Carter ("mean and vindictive"). The mayor and the 39th President clashed during the 1980 campaign. Carter badly needed a prominent Jew to pull in the Jewish vote, but Koch had his price: a substantial federal takeover of the city's Medicaid payments and a more active pro-Israel position in a hostile United Nations. Carter was forced to concede, and a grudgingly satisfied mayor set off to stomp Brooklyn and Miami Beach, telling his aides, "It's amazing what fear will do."

The decision to publish this memoir while still in office is not as daring as the author would have his readers believe. There are hugs and kisses for loyal friends and aides, a few acknowledgments of worthy opponents, but mostly he comes



down harder on ex-officeholders than on powerful incumbents. New York Governor Mario Cuomo, who defeated Koch in the bitter 1982 Democratic gubernatorial primary, gets good grades for being tough on unions and wise in his staff appointments. Ronald Reagan ("He [thinks like a studio executive] was treated shrewdly from the start. During the 1980 campaign, Koch distressed fellow Democrats by briefing the Republican candidate on the city's problems. The mayor then called a press conference, at which Reagan promised New York federal loan guarantees. The effect was to make the candidate look like a winner and his host a man of prescience and pre-emptive clout.

Both as entertainment and instruction, the best parts of *Mayor* deal with Koch's impolitic efforts to change the policies and attitudes that nearly bankrupted the city in the '70s. Unions, business lobbies and community groups learned the full meaning of his expression "I'm not the type to get ulcers. I give them." He infuriated transit workers, garbage collectors, rich campaign contributors, Hispanics and Hasidim by challenging the traditional system of sweetheart contracts and special privileges. The biggest outcry came from blacks, when he cut poverty programs that he deemed wasteful and mismanaged. Said Koch, attacking the welfare bureaucracy: "If we had given to the poor all of the money that we have appropriated for the poor over the past 20 years, the poor would be rich."

Throughout, the mayor cannot resist twisting the knife. His will to dominate, to have the final word and the last ounce of approbation, eventually seems shrill, almost grotesque.

This Joan Rivers style of politics assures a wide audience, but narrows the stage. Koch has provided New York with lively, intelligent leadership. He has also been lucky; the weak dollar and high interest rates of the late '70s revived tourism and attracted foreign investment. But such outside forces find no place in this self-portrait of a Brooklyn boy who beat the bosses and the liberal East Side swells because he was smarter and more daring.

Inevitably, Koch's righteous single-mindedness causes amusing blind spots. The new author likes to make a word mean what he wants it to. At one point, he describes himself as a hair shirt, which he defines as "someone who is constantly in a state of agitation, someone who is itching, who is never at ease." What he means is that he has ants in his pants; a hair shirt is worn as a penance, a word that does not seem to exist in His Honor's autobiographical lexicon.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

Excerpt

“I went to one of these David Rockefeller/Harry Van Arsdale breakfasts for business and labor recently... Rockefeller said, ‘Can I get you some coffee?’ and he went up and got me a cup of coffee. Van Arsdale ran to get me a Danish. It was extraordinary treatment. And the reason it was so extraordinary is that neither one of these guys likes me... So it is the office. Now, how do I know? Because half an hour later Senator [Jacob] Javits walked into that room... Only six people stood up and they sent a waiter to get him a roll. So you see I know a Senator is not a mayor.”

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Striking Back

Jody Powell settles some scores

For cordial hostility, few relationships rival the unstable truce between Washington reporters, who chafe at having news doled out by the teapoonful, and presidential press secretaries, who often view journalists as carping nihilists incapable of admitting they are wrong. Journalists air their gripes in public, while political staffers dream of getting even. Jody Powell, who as President Jimmy Carter's press secretary once poured a glass of wine over ABC News Correspondent Sam Donaldson, now has found a more poetic means of revenge.

In his memoir *The Other Side of the Story*, to be published by William Morrow in April, Powell does what he accuses journalists of doing: he makes no effort to be unbiased. He writes, "White House correspondents will look in vain for the scoops. What they will find are the stories that seem to me to be wrong and unfair."

He also attacks politicians. He claims that Senator Edward Kennedy "rehearsed" his chilly handshake with Carter at the 1980 Democratic National Convention, and depicts former New York Governor Hugh Carey and New York City Mayor Edward Koch as "ingrates... that in one hand, shiv in the other."

Still, the main targets are journalists: Columnist Jack Anderson, who according to Powell never proved his claim that Carter associates conspired with Fugitive Swindler Robert Vesco; ABC News, which Powell says refused to correct a false report that the FBI was wiretapping U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young; Syndicated Columnist Joseph Kraft, who is described as having sent back White House tickets to a Kennedy Center gala because the seats

were in the balcony; the *New York Times*, which Powell claims had to "screen" its staff to be sure no drug users were assigned to investigate charges that White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan had sampled cocaine. (The *Times* and Kraft deny the stories.) Powell also condemns *TIME*'s failure in February 1981 to appreciate what he felt was

the news value of a report *TIME* had that aides to Ronald Reagan had obtained Carter's 1980 debate briefing book.

Despite his distaste for journalists, Powell in 1982 became a columnist for the *Dallas Times Herald* and a commentator for ABC News. For the first time since he joined the ranks of reporters, Powell may once more become a major topic of conversation among them. ■



The accuser

Truce with the Pentagon

It now looks as if the next time the U.S. invades some place like Grenada, there will be reporters and photographers along. A panel of military officers and former journalists, headed by retired Army Major General Winant Sidle, has been wrestling with the issue. All the participants seem to recognize that the Reagan Administration's two-day news blackout during the invasion last October was not healthy for the military, the press or the country.

The difficulties of defining the rules for combat coverage are real. The networks, newspapers, wire services and newsmagazines were willing to testify before—but not to be part of—the Sidle group or any other Government body attempting to write guidelines for the press. Journalists on the panel, however, included such men as Keyes Beech, a Pulitzer-winning war correspondent, and Richard Salant, who once headed CBS News.

In the Pentagon's scramble to put together an invasion in 48 hours, press coverage simply got little consideration. The sensible solution would have been to have a small pool of journalists along, tipped off in advance, sworn to secrecy, perhaps even sequestered. The pool members would have been required to share their notes and pictures with the rest of the press. But in a nation at peace, how could such a pool have been assembled without alerting everyone? The Pentagon is now studying a proposal to have a pool always in existence, with a rotating membership ("Report to Andrews Air Force Base at midnight; we can't tell you where you'll be going").

The success of the Grenada invasion was such a lift to the American spirit after so many humiliations in foreign affairs that the press, in harping on being excluded, seemed like crybabies. A Louis Harris survey some weeks later found that a 65%-to-32% majority of Americans thought the Administration was wrong in not taking reporters along, but the press will not soon forget the public hostility it felt at the time. In the euphoria of success, the Administration got in some cheap shots. Unlike World War II, Secretary of State George Shultz remarked, nowadays "it seems as though reporters are always against us." White House Spokesman Larry Speakes quickly disavowed Shultz, only to have Reagan say what Shultz was merely implying—namely, that since the Korean War the press has not been on "our side, militarily." He should reread history: wary of potential opposition from a determined Republican minority to the sending of U.S. troops to South Korea, Truman never tried to get a resolution endorsing his "police action" through Congress. When Presidents act in emergencies without full legal approval of Congress, they risk confusion about whose side everyone is on.

The panel of officers and journalists put such quarrels behind them and decided, in the words of Sidle, that "the media should cover military maneuvers to the maximum degree possible consistent with the security of the mission and the safety of the troops." The press, as always, is ready to honor embargoes and guidelines of conduct while resisting direct censorship. One chief worry of the Pentagon is the future possibility of transmitting battle pictures by satellite directly to American living rooms, without a military press officer to warn which pictures might jeopardize security.

The naval shelling of distant Lebanese villages points up some of the complexities of war coverage and the difficulty of formulating rules. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger was impatient because the Navy could give him no evidence of bombing results. American reporters, however, got to the scene, providing the pictures that the public had a right and need to see. CBS, at once the most aggressive of the networks and the one quickest to make sweeping judgments, visited a Druze mountain village. The viewers were not told how many residents Marita Teichner of CBS talked to among the bombed-out homes. But in this land riven by years of fratricidal killing, the Navy shelling came across as one more unendurable agony. Teichner confidently proclaimed that the shelling has "taught them to hate the United States." She may be right, but the generalization sounded bigger than the evidence produced.



Sidle and panel discuss combat coverage

Beyond the Skin's Frontier

The Met displays Leonardo's revolutionary anatomical drawings

The current exhibition of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings at New York City's Metropolitan Museum is, one need hardly point out, a must for almost anyone who is interested in either drawings or bodies. All the same, it is not the easiest of shows. Its predecessor, the Met's 1981 exhibition of his studies of landscape and water and plants (lent, like this one, from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle), was more open to the non-specialist, if only because more people have mused on water currents or leaves than on the maxillary sinus or the epigastric veins of the abdomen. Nevertheless, anything by Leonardo, especially a group of studies as important in his work as this, is bound to be an object of fascination. Once again, one is confronted by that angelically ranging mind, that steely eye and that infinitely skilled hand. And though the short catalogue, by Leonardo Experts Carlo Pedretti and Kenneth Keele, can do no more than touch on the scientific and aesthetic ramifications of Leonardo's work as anatomist, it is still a useful introduction.

Leonardo dissected bodies and drew what he found for two reasons. He wanted to systematize the scientific study of anatomy at a time—the late 15th century—when the human skin was the frontier of unknown territory. He also wanted to deepen his understanding of the muscular frame, whose shapes determine the figure and are the key to proportion and beauty. Nowhere in his work do the scientific and aesthetic impulses twine more closely. But they grew under the shadow of disgust, and to appreciate these drawings one must grasp the difficulty of making them. The anatomist had no preservatives except alcohol and, of course, no refrigeration. For some of his deeper and more complex dissections, Leonardo would have had to spend a week or more with his nose in an open cadaver under conditions that would drive anyone else gagging from the room. No doubt he worked mostly in winter. Even so, it was dreadful work for a man of his fastidiousness, and he dryly noted in an aside to would-be anatomists, "You may perhaps be deterred by natural repugnance, or . . . by the fear of passing the night hours in the company of these corpses, quartered and flayed, and horrible to behold."

It was hard to find bodies to work on: not only popular feeling but religion was against it. The main sources were the scaffold and the derelicts' hospital. Most of the people were old, emaciated men who died alone; his observations of women were sometimes the merest guesswork. An extreme case is a drawing in this show of the female genitalia, which are represented as an absence, a mere cave, without even primary features. It may be that Leonardo, a homosexual with a pronounced distaste for any kind of sexual act, could not bring himself to look at a vagina. "The act of coitus

and the parts employed therein," he wrote on another sheet, "are so repulsive that were it not for the beauty of the faces and the adornments of the actors and the frenetic state of mind, nature would lose the human species."

But sexuality was the only area where Leonardo's aversions interfered with his quest for knowledge. His unrelenting discipline in observation bore immense fruit. His anatomical studies, taken as a whole, represent the greatest leap in knowledge of the body made by any man in history, until Vesalius published his epochal *De Humani Corporis Fabrica* in 1543, nearly a quarter-century after Leonardo's death. Indeed, many of the artist's discoveries would not be rediscovered until well into the 18th century. What medical history might have been if most of Leonardo's notebooks had not been scattered or lost one can only guess.

It is clear from the surviving sheets that he was the first to study physiology as a whole system, a mechanism of bone and tissue working in accordance with discoverable laws, all parts interacting. Only by thinking of the body literally as a soft machine was he able to clarify its functions and see what processes were veiled by "the very great confusion" one saw on peeling back the skin: "the mixture of membranes with veins, arteries, nerves, tendons, muscles, bones, and the blood that itself tinges every part with the same color."

Only drawing, the ordering of sight, could make sense of this Galenic shambles whose mysteries had kept the human innards in the dark since antiquity.

It was Leonardo's incomparable power of abstraction, combined with his powerful eye for detail (how does one see what is not yet named?), that made him a great anatomist. Both always coexist in the drawings, but their proportion varies. Some of the works are as schematic as engineering diagrams. Others, including his famous study of two skulls cut across their cranial vaults, are done with an exquisite realism of tone and shading that rivals the most delicate passage in his studies of inanimate nature. Others still, like the wonderfully plastic red chalk drawing of a naked man seen from the back, can hardly be distinguished in aesthetic intention from his figure drawings for paintings. In short, what drawing conveys is never subordinated to style, even in the work of this most consummate of graphic stylists. Sight, he wrote, is the queen of the senses, and nothing could be allowed to get in her way.

—By Robert Hughes



Three studies: shoulder muscles, two views of the skull and, below, a male nude



People

When former Welterweight Champion **Sugar Ray Leonard**, 27, began training for a comeback match with **Kevin Howard** in Worcester, Mass., boxing fans were both ecstatic and uneasy. Leonard had been forced into retirement in 1982 because of a detached left retina. Fearing that he might damage his sight during the fight, scheduled for Feb. 25, the Massachusetts Boxing Commission barred Sugar Ray from entering the ring until he had been okayed by an ophthalmologist. Acting on the results of that new eye examination, Leonard last week underwent a preventive procedure



Leonard: eyes right

to protect his right retina. This started a fresh round of speculation that he might never box again. After a second examination last week by Leonard's own doctor, however, the ex-champ called a press conference, asserting that fears about his eyesight had been "blown out of proportion." Said he: "I'm fine. I feel great. I didn't think there was a major problem." The match with Howard will be rescheduled and Leonard is expected to resume training in about two weeks.

At a White House ceremony marking National Crime Prevention Week, "**McGruff**" the bloodhound dropped in on President **Ronald Reagan**, 73, to shake paws. The 6-ft. trench-coated pooch (played by Sgt.



Dog-day afternoon: Reagan and McGruff at the White House

Winston Cavendish of the St. Tammany Parish, La., sheriff's department) was attending in his capacity as "spokesdog" for the National Exchange Club, a 1,300-member crime-prevention organization. Citing a 4.3% drop in the 1982 crime rate, Reagan said the statistics demonstrated "a reaffirmation of American values, a sense of community, fellowship, individual responsibility, caring for our family and friends and a respect for the law." After his speech, Reagan was given a reward for his crime-prevention efforts: a small, stuffed McGruff for installation in the White House.

According to one count, **Diana, Princess of Wales**, attend-



Diana touring Jaguar factory

ed 76 public functions last year, including the opening of six hospitals and a marmalade factory. This year may prove considerably more momentous: the princess, 22, is pregnant again. The first Britons to cash in on the news were the bookmakers, who offered odds of 10 to 11 on a girl, even money on a boy and 50 to 1 against twins. In their first public appearance after the Buckingham Palace announcement, Diana joined **Prince Charles** in a visit to a Jaguar factory. Said Charles to an assembly-line worker: "Your production is going well." Replied the worker with a grin, "Your production line is going well too."

Determined to overcome a lifelong fear of flying, **Brooke Knapp** spent 60 hours in 1978 preparing for her first solo flight out of Santa Monica. "I was crying so hard, I couldn't even see the mountains near by," she recalls. "But I've loved flying ever since." Last week Knapp, who now heads her own charter-plane company in Los Angeles, circled the globe in 45 hr. 32 min. 53 sec., setting a new record for all classes of civilian aircraft. The 23,340-mile trip in a Gulfstream III, which began and ended in Washington, included stops in Moscow, Peking, Tokyo and London. Says Knapp of her aerial feat: "It's the most exhilarating thing I've ever done. It's like winning the Indianapolis 500 or the triathlon."

They met 18 months ago on the Caribbean island of Montserrat, where he was recording the funky album *Too Low for*

Zero, but as they emerged from an Anglican church in a prosperous suburb of Sydney, Australia, **Elton John**, 36, and his bride, German-born Sound Engineer **Renata Blauel**, 30, were singing anything but the blues. "I really love Renata," John told reporters. "And yes, I'm nervous." John, who once described himself as a "male Betty Boop," reportedly gave his beloved a large heart-shaped necklace with 26 diamonds before flying to New Zealand, first



John and Renata: Real love

stop on a global concert tour. Said John, who was born in Pinner, England: "I'm really pleased I got married in Sydney because it meant none of my relatives could be here."

—By Guy D. Garcia



Knapp after her record flight



Artist's rendering of the Louvre courtyard as it will appear at night, with the proposed structure covering the new entrance, center

Pei's Pyramid Perplexes Paris

The architect plans to put an expanded Louvre under glass

The Paris newspaper *Le Monde* indignantly compared it to "an annex to Disneyland." A consortium of French environmental groups said it would be suitable only if it were built in the middle of a desert. Worse yet, the General Inspector of National Palaces lamented that the architect, however distinguished, was a foreigner, *alors*.

The cause of all this furor is a plan by U.S. Architect I.M. Pei to build a 66-ft.-high glass pyramid smack in the center of one of the sacred precincts of French culture: the courtyard of the venerable Louvre Museum. The structure, which will be lit at night, will be surrounded by three smaller pyramids connected by triangular pools and fountains. The whole design in itself resembles a huge frozen fountain. It will be the centerpiece of a comprehensive expansion and reorganization of the Louvre ordered by French President François Mitterrand. No price tag has been put on the project, which is expected to take five years to complete. Mitterrand, an admirer of Pei's East Wing of the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., personally selected the 66-year-old, Chinese-born architect for the job; and last week, despite the outcry over the glass pyramid, he officially approved Pei's plan.

Built over a period of eight centuries, the Louvre is an imposing palace but, notwithstanding its fabulous art collection, an impossible museum. The French call it *un théâtre sans coulisses*: a theater without a backstage. Some 90% of its space is crammed with exhibits of paintings and sculptures, leaving only 10% for such essentials as storage and offices, to say nothing of research and restoration facilities. For years expansion has been blocked by the fact that one entire wing of the U-shape building has been occupied by the Ministry of Finance, which Mitterrand is now moving to new quarters. The traffic flow of the 3.7 million people who trek



I.M. Pei in his New York City office

Not like walking down into a subway.

through the Louvre every year is chaotic. Visitors can get in and out at a dozen places, but there is no central entrance, no orientation. Anybody who decides to take a second look at a painting may have to retrace his steps for ten or 15 minutes.

"When President Mitterrand approached me," recalls Pei, "I was not so sure that anything much could or should be done about the Louvre. I certainly did not want to take part in a competition. I asked for three months to think about the problem—not to draw or design anything; to think." Some architects work from bursts of inspiration sketched on the proverbial back of an envelope. Pei arrives at his designs through the meticulous exercise of logical deduction. He concluded that a thorough revamping of the museum was possible without changing any of the existing architecture. The key: the creation of new space underground, a solution that, in various forms, had been urged before by other architects. Pei's plan calls for an extensive, 750,000-sq.-ft. subterranean

level, including a grand entrance hall, shops, restaurants, audiovisual theaters, storage spaces and a parking area.

To have the necessary dignity and grandeur, an entrance hall requires daylight. It also requires a marker, a visible symbol. Says Pei: "You can't just walk down as into a subway. The Louvre needs something prestigious." The idea of putting glass over the entrance took care of the daylight, but the glass needed a shape. Pei and his designers tried transparent cubes, domes and pyramids; they finally settled on the pyramid form because it would be distinctive and yet would not clash with the classic lines of the old building. The proportions of the pyramid (modeled after the famous Egyptian pyramid at Giza) would make it two-thirds the height of the Louvre's façade. Computer-generated graphics commissioned by Pei indicated that the glass structure would be barely visible to visitors approaching the Louvre from the Champs Elysée and quite unobtrusive even from the Louvre's Tuileries Gardens.

This has not kept the arguments from raging on. The newspaper *Le Figaro* is continuing a three-week-old survey tallying the views of its readers for and against Pei's plan (some 90% favor the renovation but oppose the pyramid, says the paper). The government has announced that a model of the project will be put on public view at an exposition in April. The model may give Parisians the impression of being consulted about changes in their revered museum, but in fact there is little likelihood that Mitterrand will reconsider his go-ahead for the plan, French Presidents, like kings and emperors before them, frequently exercise their power on behalf of the greater glory of Paris (and thereby their own image). Mitterrand seems clearly determined to follow in the tradition, pyramid and all. Says Emile Biasini, the civil servant who headed Mitterrand's task force on the project: "People are shocked now because they are always shocked by something new. But in ten years they would be shocked if we decided to move it." —By Wolf Von Eckardt.

Reported by Harriet Wolty/Paris



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Inventor Donald Buchla in his Berkeley workshop: searching for the new limits of expression

Switched-On Rock, Wired Classics

Composers and performers turn on to the synthesizer

The athletes in *Chariots of Fire* jogged along the beach to its inspired pulse, and Jennifer Beals went head over heels for its driving beat in *Flashdance*. Rock groups love its modish, high-tech tones, and jazzmen such as Oscar Peterson and Herbie Hancock have found its versatility irresistible. Laurie Anderson, the avant-garde performance artist, colored her *United States, Parts I-IV* with its plaintive, other-worldly resonance, and its dark bass notes lurk menacingly in the minimalist scores of Composer Philip Glass.

The most provocative development in music today is not a song, a singer or a style; it is the sound of the electronic synthesizer, which is boldly claiming a place in the family of instruments. Probably not since Adolphe Sax invented the saxophone about 1840 has a newcomer been so widely embraced by musicians. "A synthesizer works like a magnifying glass," says *Chariots* Composer Vangelis, who also used several in the score of *Blade Runner*. "With it, you can go deeper into sound than you can with an acoustic instrument."

Indeed, film composers have adopted the synthesizer at a tempo approaching *allegro con brio*. Giorgio Moroder has given it prominence in his scores for *Midnight Express*, *Cat People* and *Scarface*. James Horner used it along with mandolins, balalaikas and snippets of Tchaikovsky in his brooding themes for *Gorky Park*, and even such veteran film scorers as Quincy Jones and Lalo Schifrin have found that a judicious use of the synthesizer expands their imaginations. Observes Jones: "We're not giving up anything by using the synthesizer, only adding to the possibilities with space-age colors."

It is rockers, though, who have so far used the new instrument most extensively. From the rippling ecstasy of The Who's *Baba O'Riley* (1971) to the hypnotic insistence of Eurythmics' *Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)*, the synthesizer has become almost as important to rock as drums and electric guitars. Novelty is part of its attraction. "People are tired of guitar-based music," says Mark Mothersbaugh, a member of Devo. "Synthesized sounds are as close as you can get to V-2 rockets, mortar blasts and TV news."

Instead of making sound by physical means, the way a piano does when its hammers strike the strings, the synthesiz-



Moroder with his synthesizers

For live musicians, fears of obsolescence.

er generates tones electronically. Older analog models employed a battery of oscillators, filters and amplifiers, both to produce and to alter the color of sound. Their newer digital cousins are to analogs what compact disc record players are to the ordinary turntable; they represent each point on the sonic spectrum with a series of numbers programmed into the machine. Synthesizers can go beyond standard intervals (the white and black keys of a piano) to register quarter tones and microtones. They can repeat complicated riffs with inhuman speed and accuracy, and approximate the sound of conventional instruments to the extent that unsophisticated listeners may have trouble distinguishing, say, between synthesized drums and the real thing.

More warily than their pop music colleagues, serious composers have taken notice. An instrument that can reduce the forces needed to perform Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra* from a 100-piece symphony orchestra to a couple of keyboards, electrical outlets and multitrack stereo tape is obviously something to be reckoned with, even if its characteristically metallic tones and dissonant air will never replace the luster or emotion of a Berlin Philharmonic. But experimenters such as Anderson, Glass, Pierre Boulez and Morton Subotnick are seeking to conjure new sounds in such works as Subotnick's *Silver Apples of the Moon* and Boulez's *Répons*, not re-create old ones. The synthesizer offers them bright, fresh colors to daub onto Western music's 1,000-year-old palette.

The synthesizer is the latest chapter in the history of electronic music. A prototype was built by RCA in the '50s, but it was not until the mid-'60s that Robert Moog, a New Yorker, and Don Buchla, a Californian, independently designed the first practical models. They were ungainly machines, bristling with plugs and wires that looked more at home in a scientist's laboratory than on a stage. In 1968 Wendy Carlos (then Walter, before a sex change) used a Moog for the album *Switched-On Bach*, a fetching electronic counterfeit that alerted musicians to the instrument's possibilities. Carlos, however, had to synthesize each phrase individually and put the whole thing together on tape, a laborious, time-consuming process. By contrast, today's advanced digital synthesizers, such as the Synclavier and the Fairlight (typical cost: \$30,000) are easier to play, far more versatile and smaller than a Hammond organ. In 1982 more than 40,000 synthesizers were sold in the U.S.

Inevitably, the synthesizer's growing popularity has prompted fears that live musicians may be on their way to technological obsolescence. Although the machine was intended as a tool for composers, its talent for mimicry has made it a



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cost-effective, ersatz orchestra. Classical musicians, who play a largely 18th and 19th century repertory, are unlikely ever to be cashiered, but others are not so lucky. Complains Violinist Paul Shure, a California studio musician: "Synthesizers have all but ruined string players in recordings." Five years ago, Don Butterfield, a New York City tubist, played about 150 television and radio commercials a year, a lucrative source of income for a freelancer; today, he averages fewer than 50.

The situation is particularly sensitive in Hollywood and on Broadway. Says Composer Horner: "Producers want a guy who for \$40,000 will give them an electronic score that will sound like a symphony orchestra, whereas that same score written for and played by live musicians can run upwards of \$150,000." On Broadway, union contracts prevent the replacement of performers by electronic instruments, but in Hollywood the issue is currently being negotiated by the studios and the musicians' union.

Such problems, though, may turn out to be short-lived. Synthesizers are enjoying a particular vogue just now because, in the words of one composer-arranger, "they fulfill pop music's never-ending quest for fresh ear candy," but entertainment-industry enthusiasms are notoriously transient, and next year may bring a rage for Mahler-size orchestras or Renaissance recorder ensembles. And despite its mockingbird predilections, the synthesizer still sounds, at root, mechanical.

But as the instrument becomes more sophisticated, its enormous potential will probably outweigh any drawbacks. The synthesizer could create a new class of performers, since it offers opportunities for musical expression even to those without conventional instrumental skills. Notes Japanese Synthesist Isao Tomita, best known for his reworkings of orchestral showpieces like Gustav Holst's *The Planets*: "In this computer age, the question of whether you can play traditional instruments must never be the major factor in qualifying yourself as a musician or composer."

That may be an extreme view—as long as music is played, there will be a need for violinists, clarinetists and pianists—but the statement contains more than a little truth. Inventor Buchla, busy designing a new generation of machines in his Berkeley workshop, envisions an instrument without a keyboard at all. Moog, now in North Carolina, is "working with musicians who need instruments that don't exist." If they succeed, the future could hold an aesthetic in which unconventional sounds fall as lightly and harmoniously on the ear as the C major scale.

Until that millennium, however, man is learning to coexist with machine—testing, experimenting, searching for the outer limits of expression. Which is exactly what adventurous musicians have always done. —By Michael Walsh. Reported by Barbara Kraft/Los Angeles, with other bureaus

Cinema



Johnson and Caine in *Blame It on Rio*

Troubled Pair

BLAME IT ON RIO
Directed by Stanley Donen
Screenplay by Charlie Peters
and Larry Gelbart

There is the good Stanley Donen and there is the bad Stanley Donen. The good one has for 35 years directed elegant entertainments like *Singin' in the Rain*, *Charade*, *Two for the Road* and *Movie Movie*. Every once in a while, though, his dark double appears and turns out something like *Staircase* or *Lucky Lady* and, now, *Blame It on Rio*. Inelegant is too mild a word for it; even distasteful doesn't quite cover it. Shall we say disgusting?

The plot has two businessmen, Matthew Hollis (Michael Caine) and Victor Lyons (Joseph Bologna), their marriages in disarray, renting a house in Rio in order to share a vacation with their adolescent daughters. Whereupon Jennifer Lyons (Michelle Johnson, whose awkwardness may be attributed in part to the fact that she is a model rather than an actress and in part to the fact that she is required to do about half her scenes nude to the waist) seduces "Uncle Matthew." The joke—if the word can be applied here—is that she is cool and sophisticated, while he gets all flustered and furtive in a supposedly comic way. What the writers want to have taken as a morally balancing conclusion—it is actually just another act of desperation—is supplied by the revelation that Matthew's wife has, all along, been having an affair with Victor.

It is possible to put this kind of material on the screen successfully, as Stanley Kubrick proved in *Lolita*. But it requires discretion in handling the queasy physical facts of the case, a certain ironic detachment about the human capacity for turn-

ing sexual adventure into sexual folly, and a firm sense of values on the director's part. Farce, which must accept its characters on their own dumb or dizzy terms, is the wrong way to handle the dubious premise of a film like *Blame It on Rio*. It is too indelicate.

This is something Michael Caine, that tasteful man, instinctively understands. An actor of integrity, he has found a style that permits him to withdraw a certain distance from his material without entirely dissociating himself from it. And there are moments when he actually persuades you that a Restoration comedy might get going around here any minute now, though the air in that country is too thin for the hard-breathing Bologna to breathe.

Donen and Producer-Co-Writer Gelbart (*M*A*S*H*) are, like Caine, men who know better than to do the shoddy, but they are too busy trying to prove they are hip guys, cool on the trail of the rapidly aging New Morality, to emulate his try for modest craftsmanship. It is dismaying to see them sell off comedy's right to social criticism in exchange for the chance to make soft-core porn. Perhaps that accounts for the dispirited and guilty air of a film that makes even Rio look ugly and cannot work up so much as an honest smirk over what it is doing. —By Richard Schickel

Double Concerto

DEAR MAESTRO
Directed and Written
by Luciano Odorisio

Andrea (Adalberto Maria Merli) left home to make good and made so-so; he conducts and composes for television in Milan. Francesco (Michele Placido) stayed home and did about the same—though he thinks he did worse—teaching music and conducting the choir. But at 40, the lifelong friends still have some ambition left and a last chance to exercise it. Both are logical candidates for the post of musical director if Chieti, their birthplace in Abruzzo, revives the defunct town symphony as a tourist attraction. Francesco's desperation for the job is the more comically visible, and his wife (Giuliana De Sio) tries to advance his cause by sleeping with a town councilor. Less obviously needy, Andrea pursues the job with a worldly resignation that contrasts to good dramatic effect with his rival's cookie-tossing eagerness for the job. Luciano Odorisio's *Dear Maestro* is not much to look at, but it is shrewd in its examination of how envious small-town gossip exacerbates a contest that neither participant wants, compassionate about men standing on the cusp of middle age, still scrambling to keep their dreams glimmering, and pleasantly ironic in the way it works out its story. —R.S.

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Theater

Blasted Garden

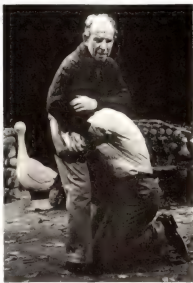
TRAVELER IN THE DARK
by Marsha Norman

The impulse toward poetry seems to burn more hotly in playwrights than the impulse toward literal truth. The conjurer's tricks of the dramatist—metaphor, epigram, literary allusion and the fateful juxtaposition—somehow feel more artistic than the precise evocation of life. That attitude seems to have gripped even one of the stage's most adroit neorealists, Marsha Norman. She won her reputation with the 1979 drama about a woman's leaving prison, *Getting Out*, and last year received the Pulitzer Prize for *Night, Mother*, a mundanely detailed conversation over cocoa and marshmallows between a daughter who intends to commit suicide and a mother desperate to stop her. Now, in *Traveler in the Dark*, Norman has turned away from the art-as-life style and has crafted a witty, eloquent, far-ranging and altogether too clever play.

Her central character is a cancer researcher (Sam Waterston) who has superficially mastered all he surveys in the adult world but who remains fixated on the griefs of his childhood. The set is a blasted-heat garden in which the fretful doctor's boyhood playthings—including building blocks that spell out his name—have been mortared into the walls, ostensibly by his long-dead mother. He ruefully explains: "It was her way of teaching me not to leave my toys outside." The audience for the premiere production, at Harvard University's American Repertory Theater, soon realizes that this remark, and many others throughout the play's two acts, may not quite be true.

The doctor is in the throes of a rather too calculated crisis: his longtime office nurse, a childhood sweetheart and pathetically faithful dogbody, lies dying of cancer that he failed to detect in time. Shamed and disillusioned by his only gods, medicine and himself, he has bolted from the hospital, gathered up his neglected wife (Phyllis Somerville) and possessively loved son (Damion Scheller), and taken them to the home of his father, a rural revivalist preacher (Hume Cronyn).

What follows is frequently funny and pointed but sometimes mutes Norman's natural voice and sounds uncomfortably like those of other playwrights. There are Neil Simon-esque one-liners: "Life is summer camp, and death is lights-out." Ibsen-esque dialectic about values: "God found God, and it was Man: God has sat up there believing in us." Albee-like catharsis: "My only comfort is knowing that my life is actually as empty as it feels." Moreover, the equivocal closing scenes of reconciliation between the doctor and his father seem anticlimactic after the keenly perceived torments of his marriage. Som-



Heartbreak house: Cronyn and Waterston
"Life is summer camp, death is lights-out."

erville and Scheller ably play the wife and son, and Cronyn invigorates the ill-defined minister, but Waterston starts at so shrill and petulant a pitch that he has nowhere to go. In the big scenes, he flounders like a gaffed fish.

Still, *Traveler in the Dark* has emotional power, an insight into men that matches Norman's previously demonstrated understanding of women, and a hearteningly grand ambition. The play seeks to debate science and faith, love and self-knowledge, the rage to grow and the resistance to change. Norman writes candidly and capably about God, reason and honor. And those topics do count for more than cocoa and marshmallows. —By William A. Henry III

Spook Sonatas

ROCKABY by Samuel Beckett

Samuel Beckett is the victim of a bum rap. Everything that lends him academic eminence—the 1969 Nobel Prize, the scholarly exegeses of his plays and novels, even the famous dust-jacket photograph from which he stares like an eagle just slightly startled to find himself prematurely taxidermized—has also conspired to suggest that his plays have a savour too rarefied for the palates of most theatergoing mortals. It is true that in writing, staging and performance, his plays are ethereal, austere, elegiac, pioneering a dramatic form that whittles existence into essence. But this is to say only that Beckett is a master of theatrical effect and a poet of the darkest human emotions. Though his characters are haunted specters speaking in liturgical monotone, there is music in the monotonous, there is

passion in the music. His late plays are telepathic conversations of the nearly departed. In the mind of the adventurous auditor, they resound like campfire tales exchanged by the last creatures on earth.

Just now the center of the Beckett universe is a pair of off-Broadway houses on Manhattan's 42nd Street. In the Harold Clurman Theater, a trio of Beckett skits has been playing since June. And last week, at the newly named Samuel Beckett Theater next door, English Actress Billie Whitelaw opened in two short plays and a reading of the Beckett short story *Enough*.

Whitelaw strides to center stage, waves the bright aquamarine binder that holds the text of *Enough* and warns, "Look closely. It's about the jolliest piece of color you're likely to find in a Beckett evening." It is indeed. In *Footfalls*, Whitelaw plays a tattered woman patrolling, ever so slowly, a slab of light about the size of a cemetery plot. Into and beyond the grave, she relives her days feeding and changing her aged mother, dominating the mother with her dogged servitude, then slipping into reverie to imagine herself the sad heroine of a gothic novel. Is she mad? Is she dead? Perhaps both, or in transit between the two states, like the old woman Whitelaw plays in *Rockaby*. A child-dodder in her cradle-rock, a near relative of *Psycho*'s Mother Bates, she lullabies herself to death with the sound of her own (offstage) voice, interrupting the melancholy monologue only for four plaintive cries of "More!"

It is a cry that echoes through Beckett's work: the human need to keep replaying our own life stories, no matter how hopeless the tales. In *Ohio Impromptu* (one of the plays at the Clurman), two gray-haired, black-robed figures sit at a table. They are called Reader and Listener, but they could be priest and communicant, doctor and patient, actor and audience. The Reader intones a mysterious narrative that is in fact the history of their relationship. When the text ends, the Listener will be left alone forever. And so, like a child before bedtime, he begs the Reader never to stop. But the story must end; the power play must be acted out to the death.

Each trio of plays was directed by Alan Schneider, each lasts barely an hour, excluding intermissions, each offers an indelible evening of minimalist theater sorcery. The one visible magician is Whitelaw, for whom Beckett wrote the two sepulchral mood pieces *Footfalls* and *Rockaby*. Scraping across the stage or hardly moving in her shroud of a rocking chair, she performs daredevil isometric exercises of the soul. —By Richard Corliss



Whitelaw



Fetchit with Juanita Hall in *Miracle*



Ralph Brown and Audrey Armstrong jivin' to Dizzy Gillespie's bebop

Show Business

Artifacts of a Lost Culture

A Texas find quickens interest in black film history

They paused for only a moment, most of them, in those dim, drafty, primitively equipped studios on the far fringes of the motion-picture industry. They did their gigs, these black performers, without hope that they might somehow break through to the great white audience or achieve the dream of immortality. Their pressing concern was whether the producer's minuscule check was going to bounce. They passed into history not as indelible screen images but as fond, fading, sometimes discomfiting memories shared by a minority audience or, in a few cases, as distant rumors of great talent whispered in the ear of the unheeding American majority.

Bessie Smith sang for those cameras, and Josephine Baker danced for them. Dizzy Gillespie bopped there, and the novelist Richard Wright played his own creation, Bigger Thomas, in the film version of *Native Son*. Taken together, this body of film is a priceless record of the styles and manners, aspirations and attitudes of black America between 1920 and 1950, when these little pictures (they usually cost about \$20,000) made their way along the circuit of more than 600 theaters, segregated either formally or *de facto*, that served the black community.

The world of black cinema is a virtually lost one, ignored by both film historians and black-culture researchers. That is why such intense scholarly and media attention is being paid to a stack of old film cans found in a Tyler, Texas, warehouse and acquired by G. William Jones, director of Southern Methodist University's Southwest Film Video Archives. Not yet fully examined or catalogued, the collection may not be quite the "treasure

trove" that it was originally thought to be, but it contains upwards of 20 "race movies" (as they were once called), including some "lost" films and excellent prints and negatives of other movies that will give scholars and the public a chance to see them fresh, free of the murk of age and bad dupes. In addition, Jones has ambitious hopes for circulating the pictures, perhaps even on television.

Though most of the films were designed as escapist fare, they still carry moral and intellectual values that may trouble blacks today when they are exposed to films made for earlier generations. Like their Hollywood counterparts, these movies often traffic heavily in racial stereotypes—Big Mommas ruling their matriarchies with flying skillet, lazy males shuffling off to drink and gamble away the rent money, tight-skirted temptresses with whiplash hips luring the pious into evil ways.

There are other problems. Black movies tended to imitate the white genres, right down to westerns with such unlikely titles as *Bronze Buckaroo*. They were almost all without militancy, and at every turn of the plot endorsed the go-along-to-get-ahead values of the black bourgeoisie of that time, including its color-caste system. The hero and heroine tend to be light-skinned, the villain and the comic relief darker. Says William Greaves, a film maker who began

his career as a stage actor who worked in black films: "The Hollywood films were an environmental factor; they created certain expectations in the audience that black film makers felt they had to fulfill." And, he observes, at least 50% of the producers were white and the majority of the theaters where the black movies played were owned by whites; both factors deeply influenced content. Phyllis Klotman, director of the Black Film Center/Archive at Indiana University, the only repository devoted exclusively to black film, reports that when she shows some of her collection to young black audiences, they tell her, "It's hard to believe black directors would make movies like that."

Technically, too, the films are limited. Often working far from the major production centers if money could be found in Chicago or Dallas, producers routinely drew supporting casts from local little-theater groups and hired whatever technicians they could find. Microphones dangle from the top of some frames, cables snake across the bottom. Lean budgets offered scant hope for reshooting a blown line or changing angles within a scene. But a certain authenticity, even sometimes a sort of raffish charm, arises from these ineptitudes.

Take, for example, *Murder in Harlem* (1935), written, directed and hustled into existence by the legendary Oscar Micheaux. He was a dreadful director but an inspired promoter ("If he had been white he would have been running a studio," says Greaves), who survived on a shoestring for a quarter of a century. The narration—a black janitor wrongfully accused of murder—is botched but

Archivist Jones with rescued films



Challenging the "Hired Guns"

But a new legal survey disputes Burger's harsh remarks

the movie is full of shrewd observations of black life in the Depression. Micheaux has, for example, a black novelist peddling his own books door to door but refusing to put his name on them because "dicky" (middle-class) people are too snobbish to believe a black can write as well as a white.

Or take the work of Spencer Williams, a true "black auteur," as Klotman describes him. He was to gain dubious cross-over fame as Andy in the TV version of *Amos 'n' Andy*, but before that he created a rich and varied body of work as a screenwriter-director-actor. *Dirty Gertie from Harlem, USA* (1946), a sassy reworking of *Rain*, was one of his; so was *Juke Joint* (1947), an amiable comedy about ambitions thwarted and rewarded on sound moral principles. He also made movies about the black religious experience, segregated Army life and Gillespie's performance film *Jivin' in Bebop* (1946).

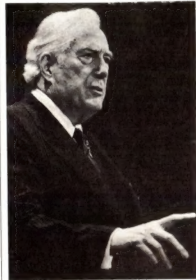
It is a film starring Greaves that offers the clearest rationale for reclaiming the black cinema. As slickly made as any Hollywood movie of its time (1947), *Miracle in Harlem* is the tale of a well-educated, forward-looking young man trying to turn his aunt's kitchen candy business into a major enterprise while fighting off some murderous competition. Stepin Fetchit (Lincoln Peary) is on hand doing his slo-mo routine, but so are black policemen, a black minister and even the Juanita Hall Choir. They provide a lively community cross section and they make an interesting point: in a cast of attractive, intelligent blacks, Fetchit seems to be more an agreeable eccentric, less an ugly stereotype than he was as the sole black in a Hollywood picture.

Thomas Cripps, one of black cinema's leading historians, notes that anachronism must be avoided in approaching black films. "*Miracle in Harlem* was about free enterprise, which for economically deprived blacks was an almost revolutionary goal," says Cripps. "Bourgeois values are not necessarily at odds with social progress."

Miracle in Harlem premiered on unsegregated Broadway. At the same time, the first Hollywood movies that gingerly took up racial themes (*Pinky*, *Lost Boundaries*—also featuring Greaves—*Home of the Brave*) began to appear, effectively pre-empting the black cinema on its home turf. By the late '40s, black production had fallen victim to the economic shrinkage imposed on the entire business by television. Still, black pictures should not be forgotten. Especially in the rural South, where they routinely played in schools and church basements, "they showed the kids something in a world where there was nothing," as Cripps puts it. It is a point seconded by Greaves: "They gave people a chance to laugh and to dream and to take their minds off the social pressures." Above all, he adds, by portraying an all-black society, where no white man intruded from above, they offered "a feeling of dignity that flows out of the sense that it is your world and you can control it."

—By Richard Schickel

For more than a decade, Warren Burger has used the podium at conventions of the American Bar Association to administer tongue-lashings to his colleagues. At the A.B.A. convention held in Las Vegas last week, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court delivered some of his harshest comments to date on the ethics of the U.S. bar. He called lawyers "hired guns" and "procurers" and accused some



The Chief Justice addresses the A.B.A. Are lawyers really villains?

of advertising their services as if they were selling "mustard, cosmetics and laxatives." He said that attorneys file too many frivolous lawsuits and motions, and declared that a few "well-placed \$5,000 or \$10,000 penalties will help focus attention" on the problem. He repeated his familiar charge that lawyers contribute to court congestion by failing to encourage out-of-court settlements of disputes. As usual, instead of boozing such stinging criticism, the assembled attorneys gave Burger a standing ovation.

The applause suggested that many among the A.B.A.'s 300,000 members (out of the nation's 620,000 lawyers) felt that there was more than a germ of truth in what Burger said. "There are too many lawyers," says Los Angeles Assistant U.S. Attorney Robert Perry. "I'm really soured on the legal system." Some members of the bar, however, believe that Burger was out of order in portraying lawyers as villains in such melodramatic language. "The Chief Justice has a lot of important and valid comments," concedes David

Shragar, president of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America, "but it is absolutely inexcusable to use phrases such as 'procurers' and 'hired guns.'" Indeed, says David Trubek, professor of law at the University of Wisconsin, the average lawyer is nothing like the person Burger describes. "The Chief Justice calls up an image of a public ready to sue at the slightest provocation, assisted by greedy lawyers and abetted by incompetent judges," says Trubek. "This is a fallacy."

That opinion is based on 3½ years of research by Trubek and other scholars who worked on the Civil Litigation Research Project, funded by the Justice Department. Among other things, the survey traced how potential legal disputes were resolved in 5,000 households in five different U.S. judicial districts, and some of the results are summarized in the current issue of the U.C.L.A. *Law Review*. The conclusion: the litigation "mania" that Burger has complained about does not exist.

The legal team found that for every 1,000 grievances, ranging from cases of discrimination to consumer problems, in which more than \$1,000 was at issue, only about 100 cases resulted in the hiring of a lawyer and only 50 in the filing of a lawsuit. The researchers also tracked 1,650 civil lawsuits through federal and state courts and interviewed the more than 1,300 lawyers involved. The attorneys spent only about 30 hours on the typical case, which usually earned them well under \$2,500, and they had median annual earnings of \$45,000. Pretrial discovery, the early phase of civil litigation in which the parties seek information from each other, and which Burger blamed for causing needless trial delays, was minimal or nonexistent in the majority of cases studied.

Trubek admits that there are many frivolous suits, abuses of discovery, and unethical lawyers, but denies that these are typical. "Evidence for most of the claims that we are an overlitigious society is weak at best," he says. Wisconsin Law Professor Marc Galanter, who has studied Trubek's research as well as other data on how Americans resolve their differences, is even more emphatic. The alleged litigation explosion, he says, is "a strong admixture of naive speculation and undocumented assertion." Shragar believes that the latest research finally gives support to trial lawyers after years of criticism from the Chief Justice. He says, "I get curiously and curiously that he doesn't seem to communicate an accurate overview of how our system of justice is operating."

Milestones

She Had Rhythm and Was the Top

Ethel Merman: 1908-1984

From start to finish, her life was Broadway legend. She believed in herself so fiercely that as an unknown she pushed her way into a job as a chorus girl in George White's celebrated *Scandals*. Then she turned it down, saying she would rather go back to singing at clam-bakes than be just another face on "the line." She knew she had something special, and soon enough the whole world knew it too. From the opening night of the 1930 George Gershwin musical *Girl Crazy*, when Ethel Merman, 21, trumpeted out *I Got Rhythm*—and held a high C for 16 bars—the roar of the crowd was hers forever. When she died last week, after a career that included 14 musicals, and not one singing lesson, Broadway's theaters dimmed their lights for a minute at curtain time. As Merman once said: "Broadway has been very good to me—but then, I've been very good to Broadway."

Her brassy and absolutely clear singing inspired metaphors like "a chorus of taxi horns," but words never quite captured its unique qualities. Her trademark was the seemingly effortless ability to sustain a note so long that the orchestra could play phrase after phrase of the melody. Said the Merm: "I take a breath when I have to." What she called her "take-charge" manner was so unlike the spun sugar of other musical-comedy performers that composers shaped songs for her. Among the standards that still call her voice to memory are *You're the Top* from *Anything Goes* (1934), *There's No*



The Merm in *Annie Get Your Gun* (1946)

Brassy notes like a chorus of taxi horns.

Business Like Show Business from *Annie Get Your Gun* (1946), and *Everything's Coming Up Roses* from *Gypsy* (1959), which became her anthem.

Born Ethel Agnes Zimmermann, she trained as a stenographer, and long after becoming a star prided herself that she could still take Pitman shorthand. But she planned to be a singer. Early in life she

dropped the first syllable and final letter of her name with a typical explanation: "If you put Zimmermann up in lights, you'd die from the heat." She always had nerve: before agreeing to appear in Cole Porter's *Anything Goes*, she insisted that the composer play the score for her and her parents—and then rejected two songs. Repeatedly she refused to accept last-minute changes in scripts. To one impetuous composer she snapped: "Call me Miss Birds Eye. It's frozen." Yet she could ad-lib with the best. During a performance of *Annie Get Your Gun*, a prop rifle misfired but, on cue, a bird fell from the rafters. Without missing a beat, Merman held up the dead bird and remarked, "What do you know? Apoplexy!"

She attained her goal to "make as much money as I can" (all but two of her shows earned a profit), and at one point lived in a ten-room New York City duplex with a quarter-acre terrace and a waterfall. But her four marriages all ended in divorce; the last, to Actor Ernest Borgnine, in 1964, lasted 38 days. One of her two children, Ethel II, died of an overdose of alcohol and barbiturates in 1967. Although she made notable TV shows, especially with Broadway Star Mary Martin, Merman had only modest success in the movies, where her outsize performances sometimes seemed unreal. In perhaps the worst career setback, her role in the film of *Gypsy* went to Rosalind Russell.

Although Merman retired from Broadway in 1970, after playing the title role in *Hello, Dolly*, she continued to perform in concerts. Last year she underwent surgery for a brain tumor. Her philosophy to the end: "Always give them the old fire, even when you feel like a squashed cake of ice."
—By William A. Henry III

DIED. Tom Keating, 66, ebullient, white-bearded master art forger; of a heart attack; in Colchester, England. A modest art restorer, Keating became the center of a scandal in 1976 when the *London Times* discovered that he had faked and sold at least 13 works, purportedly by Samuel Palmer (1805-81), the English painter. Keating admitted that he had churned out about 2,500 imitation masterpieces in 25 years—at prices as high as \$35,000—including paintings in the style of Degas, Renoir, Turner and Constable. Keating's case went to trial in 1979, but charges were dropped after doctors said he was too ill to testify.

DIED. Julio Cortázar, 69, avant-garde Argentine writer (best-known novel: *Hopscotch*) and political activist, who supported the Cuban and Nicaraguan revolutions; of a heart attack; in Paris. Cortázar's subtle humor and sinister sense of fantasy, combined with the themes of identity and reincarnation, moved a fellow novelist to hail him as

"one of the greatest creators of Latin American literature."

DIED. Gjon Mili, 79, innovative LIFE photographer whose use of the high-speed electronic flash and multiple-exposure prints to capture movement too fast to be seen by the naked eye influenced two generations of photojournalists; of pneumonia; in Stamford, Conn. "Time could truly be made to stand still," Mili once said. "Texture could be retained despite sudden, violent movement." During his 45-year association with LIFE, the Albanian-born Mili did just that in thousands of stop-action pictures, among them one of Pablo Picasso using a penlight in his darkened studio to carve a drawing out of thin air.

DIED. Anna Anderson Manahan, 82, who spent 62 years trying to prove that she was the Grand Duchess Anastasia, youngest daughter of Tsar Nicholas II and only survivor of the 1918 execution of the Russian imperial family at Ekaterinburg

(now Sverdlovsk); of pneumonia; in Charlottesville, Va. Contending that she survived the slaughter by hiding behind one of her dead sisters, "Anastasia" was rejected as an impostor by Romanov relatives. She married Historian John E. Manahan in 1968. Her life became the subject of many books and was the basis of the movie *Anastasia*.

DIED. Jim ("Grandpa") McCoy, 99, patriarch of the Kentucky McCoy's and the last survivor of the violent 19th century feud with the West Virginia Hatfields that took 30 to 50 lives over 30 years; of congestive heart failure; in Liberty, Ky. Although bloodshed between the rural Appalachian clans ceased long ago, it was not until May 1976 that former Coal Miner McCoy and the late Willis Hatfield, then 88, shook hands to end America's most famous misunderstanding, the origins of which are unknown. Last week, to the strains of *Amazing Grace*, the McCoy's gathered to pay their last respects—at the Hatfield Funeral Chapel in Toler, Ky.

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